

FORTHCOMING BOOK BY MICHELANGELO A. ROLAND SLATE

Zi | Zintelligence: Beyond AI and NI

CALL ME DAEDALUS

A Z I N O V E L

MICHELANGELO A. ROLAND SLATE

THE ARCHITECT PAINTER PRESS



BOOKS BY MICHELANGELO A. ROLAND SLATE

AKA HENRY TRUCKS, ELIOT PLUM, MADISON GRAY, AND JEF7REY HILDNER

AUTHOR, BOOK DESIGNER, AND PUBLISHER

LIVE BRAVE: A Tribute To Laura Middleton

Call Me Daedalus: A Zi Novel

VISUAL EF9ECTS | Architecture and the Chess Game of Form & Story

METAPHYSICAL WARRIOR: Meditations on the art & science of life

DAEDALUS 9 | THE ARCHITECT PAINTER [improv 1.0]

HENRY TRUCKS — Painter : ancient myths meet modern landscapes | 1995–2010

MISFITZ BECAUSE: What Doesn't Belong—and Why? Mind-Teasers!

GARCHES 1234 | Remembering the Mathematics of the Ideal Villa:

An Essay on Le Corbusier's 1927 Villa de Monzie/Stein

PICASSO LESSONS: The Sixth Woman of Les Demoiselles d'Avignon

CONTRIBUTOR

ARCHITECTURAL FORMALISM, by Hakan Anay—with Rosalind Krauss, Robert Slutzky, Colin Rowe, and Peggy Deamer: Turkish translation of my essay “**Formalism: Move | Meaning**” (original English version reprinted on pages 718–737 of my book *Visual Ef9ects*)

REMEMBRANCE AND THE DESIGN OF PLACE, by Frances Downing: Drawing from Memory—“Fact and Implication; or, A 397-Word Reflection on an Unpremeditated Drawing”

CONNECTIVE TISSUES: Ten Essays by University of Virginia Kenan Fellows 2001–2016, by Peter Waldman: Epilogue, “**LABYRINTH R.U.N.**”

SELECTIVE ESSAYS

<https://archive.org/details/Jef7reyHildnerArchitect-Essays>

PAINTING AND ARCHITECTURE

Drawing As Contemplation

Collage Reading: Braque | Picasso

The Power of a Small Painting

The Writing of Architecture: Mnemosyne and the Wax Writing Tablet

Dante | Telescope House

FILM

Insight Story

The Symbolic Triangle (“Her” isn’t who you think she is)

Cubist Knightmares | Form & Story @ 24 fps

The Chess Game of Art — My Silver Knight Rating System Explained

The First Rule of Storytelling

.....

METAPHYSICS

Mind Unlimited

Flight Forces

Time Space Matter: Seeing Through the Grand Illusion

Free the Angel

F.E.A.R.

.....

SCREENPLAYS

<https://archive.org/details/Jef7reyHildnerArchitect-Screenplays>

Trust No One

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL
--WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

AND IF IT ISN'T WELL, THEN IT ISN'T THE END
--MAX NORTH

CALL ME DAEDALUS







CALL ME DAEDALUS

MICHELANGELO A. ROLAND SLATE

A ZI NOVEL

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

THE NO CONTEXT PANTHER PRESS

C A L L M E D A E D A L U S

A Zi NOVEL

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Michelangelo A. Roland Slate coined the terms "Zi," Zintelligence," "Zi Art, and "Zi Novel."

Book written by Michelangelo A. Roland Slate (Chef)
Potential Future Contribution by Mercedes Ortiz (Sous Chef)

Story by Michelangelo A. Roland Slate

BOOK CONCEIVED, CREATED, DESIGNED, LAID OUT, AND PRODUCED ENTIRELY
BY MICHELANGELO A. ROLAND SLATE

IN THE NAME OF ART

AND LOVE

T H E A R C H I T E C T
P A I N T E R P R E S S
S A C R A M E N T O , C A L I F O R N I A

thearchitectpainterpress.com
archive.org/details/Jef7reyHildnerArchitect-QFB

For Mercedes
Story brought her to me.

CALL ME DAEDALUS



Daedalus 9: Alpha Quest 2

“To discover the mode of life or of art whereby my spirit could express itself in unfettered freedom.” —Stephen Dedalus

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, by James Joyce









CALL ME DAEDALUS

MICHELANGELO A. ROLAND SLATE

A ZI NOVEL



Zi LINES

.....

BCL PREFACE
A Vision Quest

BETA 2.11 PREFACE
The Labyrinth Thread

.....

M.A.R.S.

PART 1: MAX NORTH

Chapter 1: The Knight
Chapter 2: The Fall
Chapter 3: The Flight
Chapter 4: Cretonia
Chapter 5: Daedalus Enterprises, PFT
Chapter 6: Zado Blank

.....

MERCEDES

PART 2: CALLIOPE

Chapter 7: Brain Force I
Chapter 8:
Chapter 9:

.....

M.A.R.S.

PART 3: SAREN

Chapter 10: The Labyrintheum
Chapter 11: The Showdown
Chapter 12: : Call Me, Daedalus

.....

AFTERWORD
The Promise

BCL PREFACE

Welcome to the Book Cover Library

A VISION QUEST



ALPHA QUEST 1 | A Version of Daedalus 9—a dream house—inspired, like this book, *Call Me Daedalus*, by the tragic but heroic story of the mythical ancient Greek architect, inventor of the Labyrinth and Wings

This Beta version of an almost empty 500-page book, *Call Me Daedalus*, features currently a book cover, a book title, my schematic floor plan of the book's organization (I envision that Mercedes Ortiz might collaborate), and a crack at creating a few words-and-pictures pages for the world's first **Zi Novel**.

The pictures include examples of my AI-crafted and NI-crafted artwork, as well as examples of artwork that I crafted via what I've coined Zi: **Zi Art**—which reflects a dimension of intelligence that blends but also transcends the binary intelligence of AI (Artificial Intelligence) and NI (Natural Intelligence).

Think of AI and NI as the back and front covers of a book.
Think of Zi as the spine.

More about that in another future book.

My pictures evoke core themes of my artistic and intellectual endeavor. I envision these themes threading through my genre-bender Zi Novel—in which I tell a **Zi Story**—simultaneously verbal and visual, non-fiction narrative (like this preface), prose fiction, screenplay, and graphic novel. These core themes include:

Daedalus and the Labyrinth.

The Knight and Flight.

Some of my pictures show my in-progress architectural project: **Daedalus 9**—Mercedes and my dream house—inspired, like this book, by the tragic but heroic story of the mythical ancient Greek architect, inventor of the Labyrinth and Wings.

Volume I of what I call the Book Cover Library (BCL), this book-in-progress asserts the promise of an idea . . .
Foretells an actual book . . .
A dream of a book . . .
An Epic Story that I hope to someday conjure into existence . . .

Till then,
May the Force be with you
Along your own personal **Vision Quest**

M.A.R.S.

Sacramento, California | October 14, 2022

BETA 2.11 PREFACE

THE LABYRINTH THREAD

I wrote what you just read on the two previous pages to kick off a series that I call the Book Cover Library. And I'm keeping that BCL preface as part of this completed book to document the creative process. Here's the preface that I wrote on November 2, 2022, to launch the next stage of the project during National Novel Writing Month.

This is version Beta 2.11 of my 500-page unfinished experimental book *Call Me Daedalus*. I began the book on October 14, 2022. I envision that Mercedes Ortiz will contribute, but this version features my work so far—a crack at creating through words and pictures the dramatic scope, tone, and arena for the world's first **Zi Novel**.

The pictures include my first experimental mix of AI-crafted and NI-crafted artwork, as well as artwork that I crafted via what I've coined **Zi: Zi Art**—which reflects a dimension of intelligence that blends but also transcends the binary intelligence of AI (Artificial Intelligence) and NI (Natural Intelligence). The writing too includes my first experimental mix of NI and AI. I collage various forms of writing, wearing two hats throughout the book: prose writer and screenwriter.

Think of AI and NI as the back and front covers of a book.
Think of Zi as the spine.

More about that in a future book.

My pictures evoke core themes of my artistic and intellectual endeavor. I envision these themes threading through my genre-bender Zi Novel—in which I tell a **Zi Story**—simultaneously verbal and visual, non-fiction narrative (like this preface), prose fiction, screenplay, and graphic novel. These core themes include:

Daedalus and the Labyrinth & The Knight and Flight

Some of my pictures show my in-progress architectural project: Daedalus 9—a dream house—inspired, like this book, by the tragic but heroic story of the mythical ancient Greek architect, inventor of the Labyrinth and Wings.



I seek to follow the labyrinth thread and conjure into existence a go-for-broke mind-bending epic vision quest.

Through the transforming power of Art . . .
... the transforming power of Story.


Zi Art.
Zi Story.

CYPHER (The Matrix)

"Buckle up, Dorothy, 'cause Kansas is going bye-bye."

M.A.R.S.

Sacramento, California | November 2, 2022



"The artist's function is
the mythologization of
the environment and the
world."

— Joseph Campbell

"Art is born out of
dreams that have yet to
be realized in physical
form."

— Natalia Beshqoy

"Dreams are messages
from the deep."

— Denis Villeneuve

"Story is God."

— M.A.R.S.



CALL ME DAEDALUS

DIVEST YOURSELF OF THE THOUGHT THAT THERE CAN BE SUBSTANCE IN MATTER, AND THE MOVEMENTS AND TRANSITIONS NOW POSSIBLE FOR MORTAL MIND WILL BE FOUND TO BE EQUALLY POSSIBLE FOR THE BODY.

—MARY BAKER EDDY

THERE IS A BENIGN POWER EVERYWHERE SUPPORTING US IN OUR SUPERHUMAN PASSAGE.

—JOSEPH CAMPBELL



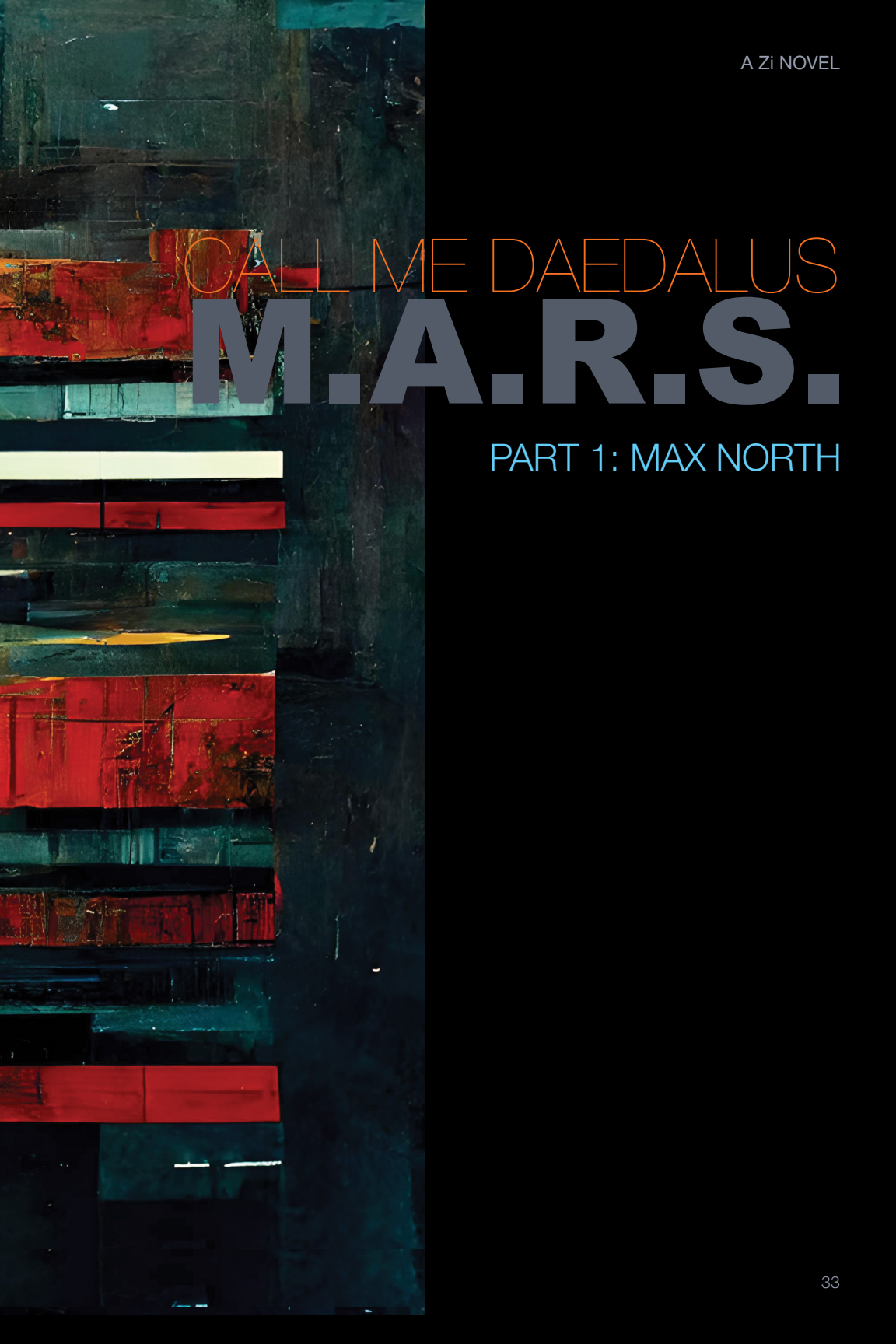


"Real science can be far stranger than science fiction
and much more satisfying." —Stephen Hawking

M.A.R.S. | CALL ME DAEDALUS



DAEDALUS: LABYRINTHEUM DREAM MURAL | PLATE NO. 01



A ZI NOVEL

CALL ME DAEDALUS
M.A.R.S.

PART 1: MAX NORTH

M.A.R.S. | CALL ME DAEDALUS





YOU MUST SAY NO TO WHAT YOU CAN DO
SO YOU CAN YES TO WHAT YOU MUST DO

--MAX NORTH

The people who have departed—we remember them, but do they remember us?

And what about the people we left behind when we departed the HereBefore?

If only we could FaceTime them . . .

If only they could FaceTime us . . .

Or better yet, go see them . . .

What if by some advanced paranormal technology we could?

Is somebody Here or There working on it?
At least trying?

Where is everyone?

Where were we, and where are we going?

**ARCHITECT MAX NORTH
OBSESSED
NOT ABOUT THE MORTAL SPIRAL OF
TIME . . .**

**BUT ABOUT A DIFFERENT DIMENSION
OF OUR PAST AND FUTURE:**

THE META-SPIRAL OF PLACE . . ,

**THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE
MYSTERIOUS META- LABYRINTH OF
THE WORLD . . .**

HEREBEFORE HERE HEREAFTER





"I am enough of the artist to draw freely upon my imagination. Imagination is more important than knowledge. Knowledge is limited. Imagination encircles the world." —Albert Einstein



M.A.R.S. | CALL ME DAEDALUS



CHAPTER 1

The Knight

"I looked down at the chessboard.





"I looked down at the chessboard.
The move with the knight was
wrong."



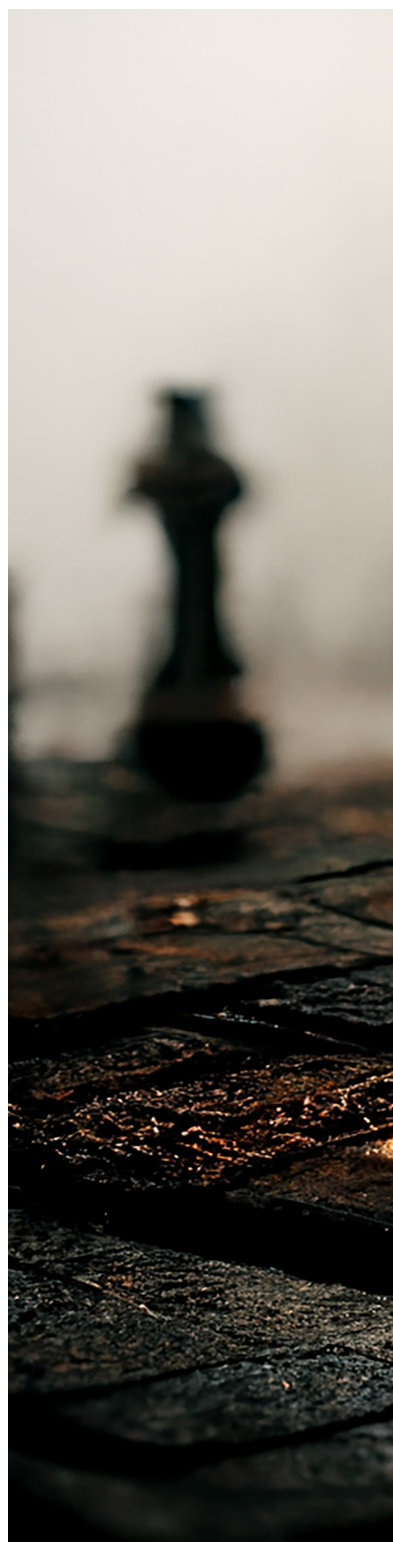


"I looked down at the chessboard.
The move with the knight was
wrong. I put it back where I had
moved it from.





"I looked down at the chessboard.
The move with the knight was
wrong. I put it back where I had
moved it from. Knights had no
meaning in this game.





"I looked down at the chessboard. The move with the knight was wrong. I put it back where I had moved it from. Knights had no meaning in this game. It wasn't a game for knights."





"I looked down at the chessboard.
The move with the knight was
wrong. I put it back where I had
moved it from. Knights had no
meaning in this game. It wasn't a
game for knights."

--*The Big Sleep*
Raymond Chandler (1939)







I COULDN'T SLEEP LATE. I couldn't sleep early. I never went to bed for a longtime early or late . . . I often never hit the hay at all . . . I'm a dry drunk, an all-nighter work punk, hanging out at the Nighthawk diner of life in an Edward Hopper cool nightmare.

Sometimes in a supermarket in California because I have howled and "seen the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving, hysterical, naked." Dreams of sleep, tranquility, entelechy — now there's a gourmet word for you!—the Jolly Roger and Trinity and Molly.

No moo cows, only a cow by Seldon Giles hanging in the Crocker, in the middle of nowhere . . . for my eyes only. And Richard Diebenkorn's. But I don't know how long the spell lasted . . . I don't even know if the spell broke before I got shot or after.

Before I flew or after I crashed.

Before she androided up to Alpha Quest 1 or after . . .



FADE IN:

INT. PFT CHAMBER 9 - TWILIGHT

Over the DEEP HUM of machinery, winged DAEDALUS hovers above a whirling spiral labyrinth . . . entelechy palpable . . .

The HUM rises in pitch, getting louder and louder as he rises higher and higher and spins faster and faster . . . until he spins so fast he becomes an epic blur . . .

Of stillness.

Then suddenly he spirals straight up like a rocket into a gray fog pierced only by a blinking green light . . .

The FEMALE NARRATOR breaks the SILENCE.

STORY (V.O.)

Fly, Daedalus . . . fly . . . but be careful . . . remember Zado . . .



**EXT. YOSEMITE VALLEY FLOOR -
NIGHT**

MAX NORTH, 54, eyes the
moonlit monoliths that
pierce the quiet sky . . .
exploding with stars . . .

Jupiter, Saturn, Orion,
Sirius, Mars . . .

He sees a woman on a ledge.

The sky begins to swirl and
THUNDER.

The ground begins to QUAKE.

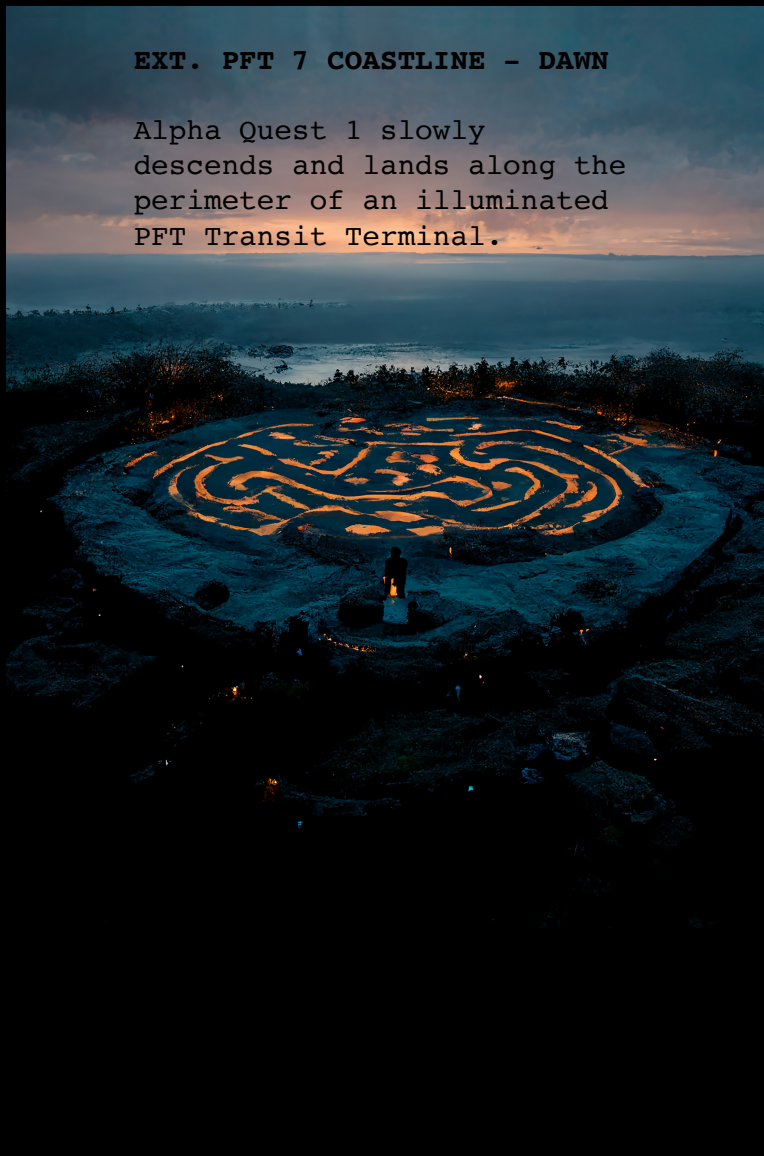
A winged blur SWOOSHES
through the suddenly violent
fiery-streaked night . . .





EXT. PFT 7 COASTLINE - DAWN

Alpha Quest 1 slowly
descends and lands along the
perimeter of an illuminated
PFT Transit Terminal.





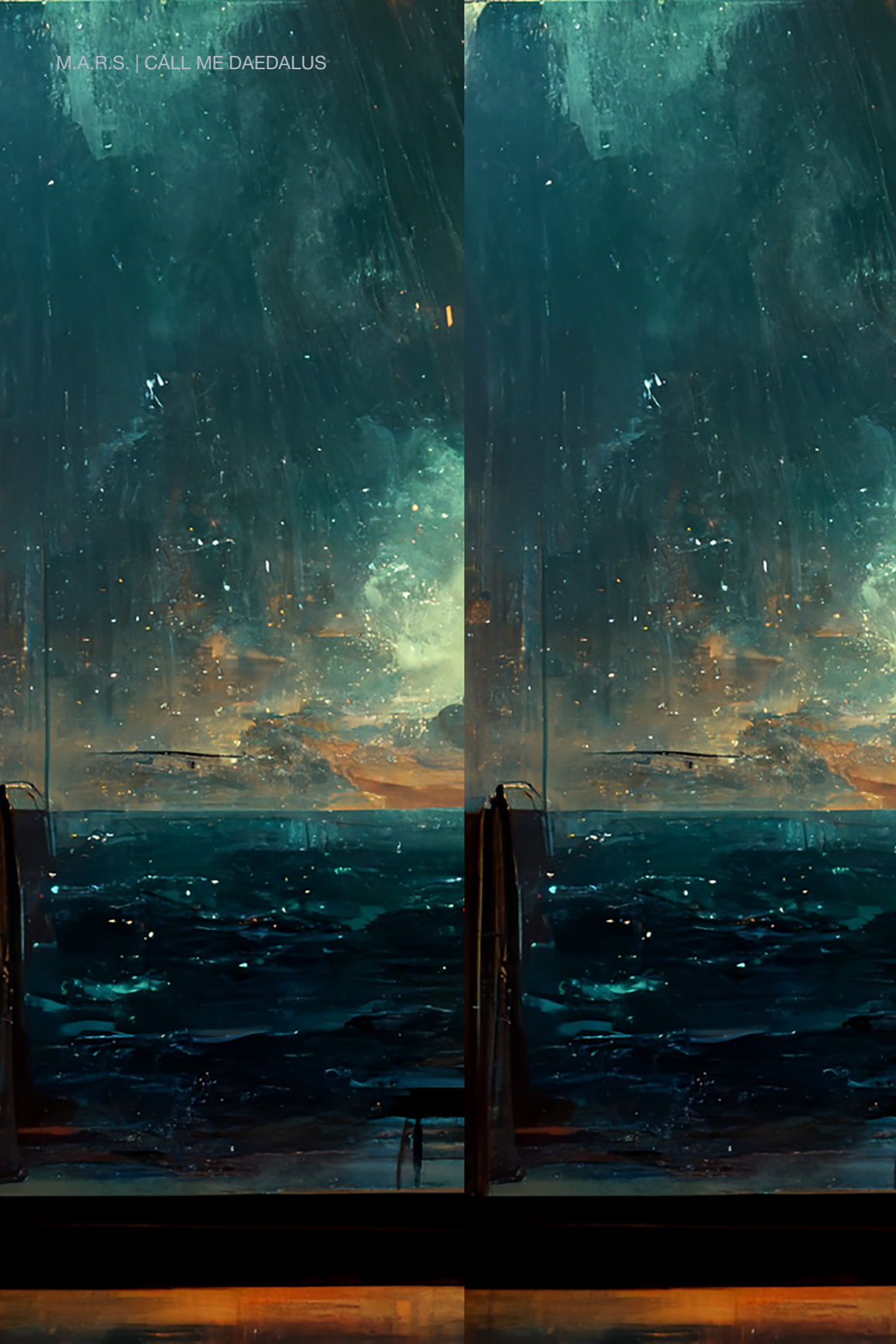
EXT. PFT 7 COASTLINE - MORNING

ESHE MOON, 27, surfboards into
the liquid fog . . .





M.A.R.S. | CALL ME DAEDALUS



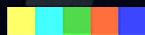
**INT. ALPHA QUEST 1 - PFT 7
COASTLINE - NIGHT**

The panoramic window of the
Placeship frames the storm
that RAGES at sea . . .

On the wall hangs a poster
of Interstellar. On the
kitchen table sits a half-
empty glass of water . . .

a half-
empty glass of water . . .
And a mysterious ship . . .





INT. MOTEL 6 - SOUTH LAKE TAHOE - NIGHT

CALLIE JENKINS, 44, lies in bed with her laptop. She works on her screenplay, MASONIC LAWN, burning the midnight oil.

We see the "Closed" lights of the Grocery Outlet across the street through her cheap motel window. She scrolls through her Story Notes.

Her warm android-like eyes land on these lines:
"sci-fi fantasy . . . a genre blender . . . a parallel time-and-space bender . . . a grok-dimensional mystery"

Then a quote by Robert McKee.

THE WHOLE POINT OF USING FANTASY IS,
WHAT WOULD HUMAN BEINGS DO IF...
IF YOU COULD TIME TRAVEL,
IF YOU HAD A MAGIC POWER TO DO THIS...

CALLIE (V.O.)

(whispering)

The greatest secret in the world...
hidden for centuries...

GRACE, a young woman in her twenties, with auburn hair and large eyes, sits next to Callie, reading. She looks up from the computer.

CALLIE (V.O.)

... waiting to return . . .
beneath the streets of Cretonia ...

GRACE

What's that?

CALLIE (V.O.)
(whispering)
... waiting to return . . .

GRACE
What?

CALLIE (V.O.)
I don't know. But it could be the
key to the greatest mystery of all
time . . . It could be my story's
"this."

WHEN YOU MIX FANTASY AND REALITY... IT'S NOT TO
EXPLORE THE FANTASY, IT'S TO EXPLORE REALITY UNDER ALL
NEW CIRCUMSTANCES. --ROBERT MCKEE

FADE IN:
Callie's script springs to life.

EXT. MASONIC LAWN CEMETERY - TWILIGHT

OPENING IMAGE: A horizontal headstone, embedded
in the ground.

JAMES IRVING MCKNIGHT
BRAVE AVIATOR: PFT
EAD 1889 - EDD 2029

As the camera pulls back, straight up, the
headstone remaining at the center of the frame,
we see a man looking down at the headstone. And
we hear the female NARRATOR, aka STORY.

STORY (V.O.)
Once upon a time there was a man
who oversaw a cemetery . . . in the
heart of Sacramento, California
He wasn't your typical man... he was
from the past...
ANDREW S. MCKLELLAN, the man looking down at the





. . . waiting to return . . .
beneath the streets of Cretonia . . .

headstone, snaps an iPhone pic of the headstone
and hits send...

We pull back and see him from behind in
silhouette at sunset . . . his face not yet
revealed...

Then we see over his shoulder as the camera
moves up... slowly revealing a bird's eye view
of MASONIC LAWN CEMETERY.

A sea of tombstones.

Stone tablets marking a green landscape of
light and tree-covered shade...

an arena, aesthetically beautiful

almost empty...

save for

... a nearby pregnant woman with flowers sitting
next to a vertical headstone

... a young man and woman standing at the
far side of the park, holding hands, lost
in thought as they gaze across the green
expanse...

... a Walt Whitman-like man on a bench under a
tree wearing sunglasses and dressed in black,
wearing a hat that says, "Writer"

... a trio of masons preparing the foundation
for a tomb

almost silent...

save for

the sound track of...

... sprinklers quietly WHIRRING

... the gentle RUSTLE of leaves in the trees
from the slight breeze

... a disruptive LAWN MOWER in the distance

and almost still...

save for

the roil of subtext that stirs beneath the
ground-plane facade...

and then...

as we zoom out higher and higher from our bird's
eye view, we hear the swell of GLADYS KNIGHT
SINGING "Midnight train to Georgia"...

"I'd rather live in his world than live without
him in mine"

suddenly, out of nowhere, we hear a train ZOOM
by...

the CLICKITYCLACK of a search and rescue
helicopter overhead...

the deep ROAR of jet engines of a plane above

the screen goes BLACK

We hear the Narrator's voice over the title sequence:

STORY (V.O.)

a story of love lost...
but courage found

sorrow and strength

stories of history... and mystery...

of endless departures...

and endless arrivals...

And the movie title appears on screen:

MASONIC LAWN
THERE'S A STORY BEHIND EVERY TOMBSTONE

CUT TO:

INT. MASONIC LAWN DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Andrew S. McKlellan sits at his desk. On the wall, hangs a poster for the movie CONTACT and the calendar that reveals the year: 2023.

FADE OUT

Callie's story stops. Return to Now . . .

INT. MOTEL 6 - SOUTH LAKE TAHOE - NIGHT

Grace sleeps. Callie closes her laptop, turns off her sidetable lamp, reaches for Grace's hand then channel surfs the TV. She lands on the movie DEFENDING YOUR LIFE then mutes the sound . . . drifting off to sleep during the scene at the Past Lives Pavilion . . .



EXT. YOSEMITE - TENT CABIN 57 - NIGHT

Max North types away on his laptop. He wears a specluncher helmet with a flashlight. He mutters as he types notes for his longform TV story about Odd Fellows Cemetery.

A MYSTERIOUS AND SERIOUS Zi-STORY . . .
ABOUT A JOURNEY SIMULTANEOUSLY INWARD
OF HEART AND SOUL AND MIND . . . AND
OUTWARD OF TRAVEL . . . TO WHERE NO ONE
HAS GONE BEFORE . . . MAYBE EVEN DARED
TO EVEN THINK TO GO . . .

Imaginative, creative, transformative
. . . a story Chess game of life and
death that plays by different rules than
the rules of our everyday lives

about the lives of loved ones lost and
those who lost them

present
past
future

HEREBEFORE
HERE
HEREAFTER

bc what it's really about isn't
revisiting the past but envisioning the
future...

A mythic past
A visionary future

8 episodes season 1
"love actually"-like interconnections
tied up in ep 8

first 7 eps each feature one main

character: someone who lost or who was lost...

1. the main character: cemetery director (whose story unfolds throughout all 8 episodes)
2. a partner
3. a child
4. a best friend
5. a parent
6. a soldier
7. a twin

main character's name, the supervisor of Odd Fellows Cemetery, founded by IOOF (Independent Order of Odd Fellows), embedded in the story's title:

J.I.M.

THERE'S A STORY BEHIND EVERY TOMBSTONE

FADE IN:

Max's script springs to life.

EXT. ODD KNIGHTS LAWN CEMETERY - NIGHT

We see a man in silhouette sitting on a bench under a tree, but we are behind him, looking at what he's looking at — a sea of carefully placed tombstones and obelisks and monuments to the dead in a tree dappled emerald landscape, serene and silent, save for the faint WHIR of a lawn mower. We move with the camera closer until we gain possession of his body and realize we now see through his eyes. Blinking.

The cemetery blurs a little more with each blink, ELI RICHARD'S vision of the cemetery fading with the light into a fog...

INT. STEAM ROOM - DAY

A small green light in an empty landscape of steam shines through the fog as ER, who we do not yet see, lies on his back looking at the ceiling.

We don't know what we're looking at or where we are. The fog of the first scene dissolved into the fog of this scene—we're not sure we're no longer in the cemetery. We're in a fog just like ER.

FLASHBACK: EXT. SEASIDE BLUFF - NIGHT

Pitch black on a moonless night, we can't see a thing save for the faint outline of the craggy bluff and the sea below. We hear the ROAR of the sea crashing on the rocks, we feel the WHIP of the wind.

Out of the blackness swords a light. ER shines his flashlight on the narrow path back. We don't see him, only the light he shines on the scary path along the edge of the bluff that drops off left and right.

PRESENT: INT. STEAM ROOM - DAY

The soft voice of ALEX NAVI, 30-something, undercuts the wind and waves . . .

ALEX (V.O.)

Sir, do you mind if I pour on some more water? Rev up the steam a little more?

Cut back to the view of the steam-room ceiling,

and the green light.

ER

Sure. Never gets too hot for me. The
hotter the better.

ALEX

Great. I'm the same way. I just love the steam.

We now reveal Eli Richards, aka ER, 39, the
ghost of Walt Whitman, his long beard and long
hair, he hasn't shaved for a year. He's lying on
his back on a tiled bench in a steam room
looking up at the ceiling.

And the green light that struck us as paranormal
and celestial, we now see, is just one of
several tiny green ceiling lights in this small
foggy room.

Alex gets up from the bench he's sitting on
opposite ER and pours water on the steam
element. He sits back down and resumes shaving
his smooth face with a disposable razor.

He stops shaving and looks over at ER, now
sitting on the bench, his head down, enveloped
in thought and steam.

ALEX

Do you think there are steam rooms in
heaven?

Eli mulls over how much to say, weighing how
"nice weather" or seriously to take the question.
. . deciding to do more listening than talking,
whatever way this might go . . .

ER

I like the way you think.

The answer surprises Alex, making him feel he can say more.

ALEX

I mean, you know, they're pleasure, steam rooms, but maybe they're ok. Maybe God would let us have 'em.

ER, feeling the club member's musings might run deep and wanting to signal through a few brushstrokes that the topic also appeals to him, replies in a friendly tone.

ER

Where is heaven?

ALEX

I don't know, but it It's a place where everybody goes who honors God.

ER

(another couple of beats)
What if this is a place where everybody goes who honors God?

Alex LAUGHS. He didn't expect this.

ER

"The kingdom of heaven is at hand"... "The kingdom of heaven is within you."

ALEX

Where are you from?

ER

I spent most of my life back east.
How 'bout you?

ALEX

My parents came over here from the Islands when I was 8. They wanted me and my sister to have a better life than they did.

ER

Must have been hard for them to do that, just pick up and leave. Do they still have family there? Do they ever want to go back?

ALEX

Yeah, they still have family there, and they miss them, but they don't want to go back. They love it here. My aunt's got a farm back there. She works 20 hours a day to keep it going and make enough money to live on. And there are lots of people like my aunt. But everybody else is either out of work or doing something illegal.

ER

Overworked and underpaid or unemployed and turning to crime.

ALEX

Yeah, it's a very depressed society, lots of corruption. So, yeah, it was hard for them to leave, but I think it would've been harder for them to stay.

ER

Your parents really love you. I
admire their courage.

ALEX

(moved)

Thank you. Our parents showed us
that sometimes it takes courage to
love.

ER

(beat... beat... beat...)

It sure does. Sounds like we've got
ourselves a little slice of heaven
right here.

CUT TO:

EXT. ODD KNIGHTS LAWN CEMETERY - NIGHT

We zoom in to see the inscription at the
threshold of the cemetery entrance:

ODD KNIGHTS LAWN
PFT TERMINAL
DEPARTURES AND ARRIVALS

CUT TO:

INT. STEAM ROOM - DAY

Eli Richard's phone vibrates. It's a pic:
J.I.M.'s headstone.



MAX'S NOTES:

NIGHT SEA JOURNEY SCENE for ERR

Eli Roland Richards

ERR—in error about life . . .

ER for short—Emergency Room, a man in trouble . . .

Corner 1 of The Symbolic Rectangle: The Hero's Name

(See <https://www.imdb.com/review/rw3379913>)

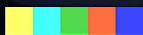
Eli means “ascended, high” + Richards means “brave”

Eli Richards, Architect





M.A.R.S.



CHAPTER 2

The Fall













IF YOU LISTEN TO THE DISTRACTOR,
YOU'LL SAY CARROT.

But that parlor game didn't fool Max North. He said Jupiter.

That's right, asked to name a vegetable, Max North said Jupiter.

Only 2% of people who do the test say something other than carrot when asked to name a vegetable.

But Max North, a 2%er and then some, said Jupiter.

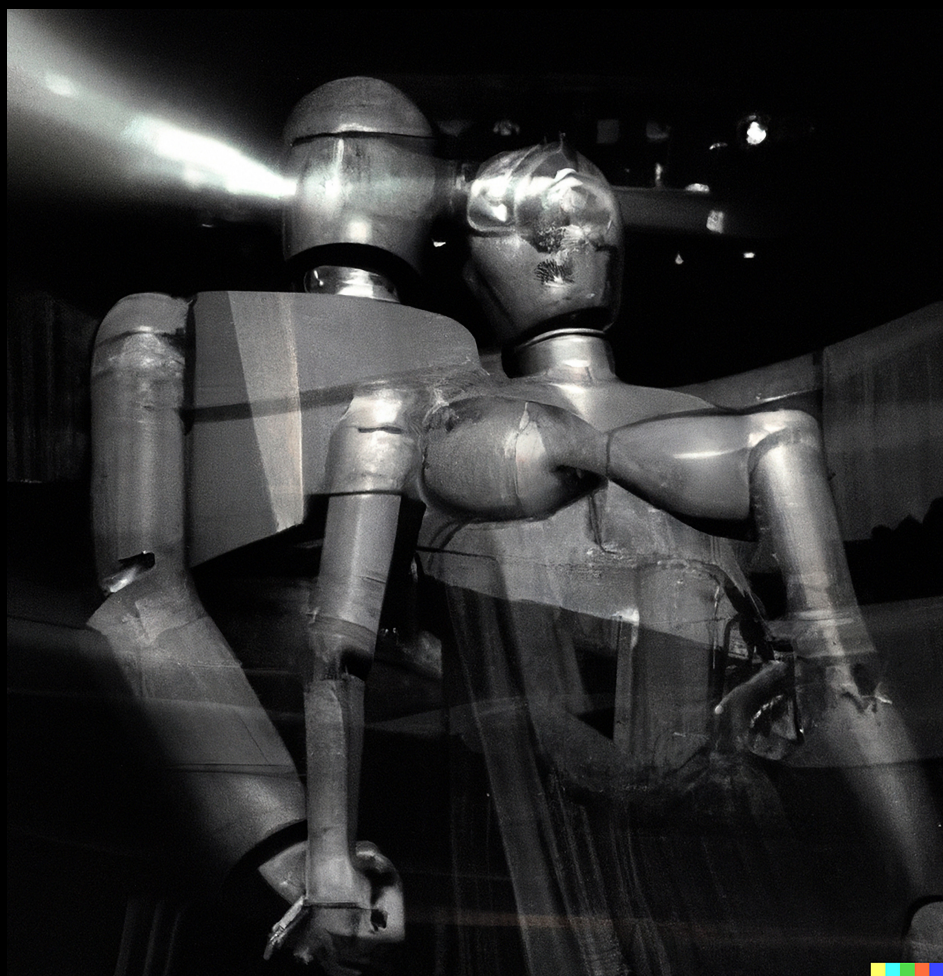
Max North refuses to play by the rules of the Game. He looks to ascertain the Game beyond the Game . . .

Movie Time.

Arrival.

With Calliope . . .

Ticktock.





THOUGHT EXPERIMENT

Written by

aka M.A.R.S.
Jeffrey Hildner

Based on a true story...

OVER BLACK:

BEGINNING.FREE THE ANGEL...

TITLE OVER BLACK: "Let everything that's been planned come true." - Filmmaker Andrei Tarkovsy

ACT 1. DAY ONE. HOUR ONE. The sound track of Mozart's Jupiter Symphony HUMS IN THE BACKGROUND OF THE LIFE of CONRAN SLATE. Architect, painter, , and writer. He is a man on a mission. A misison from God. No less than Albert Eistein... Conran Slate is searching for his E-MC2.

EXT. CONRAN SLATE'S OUTER WORLD: LOS ANGELES - DAY

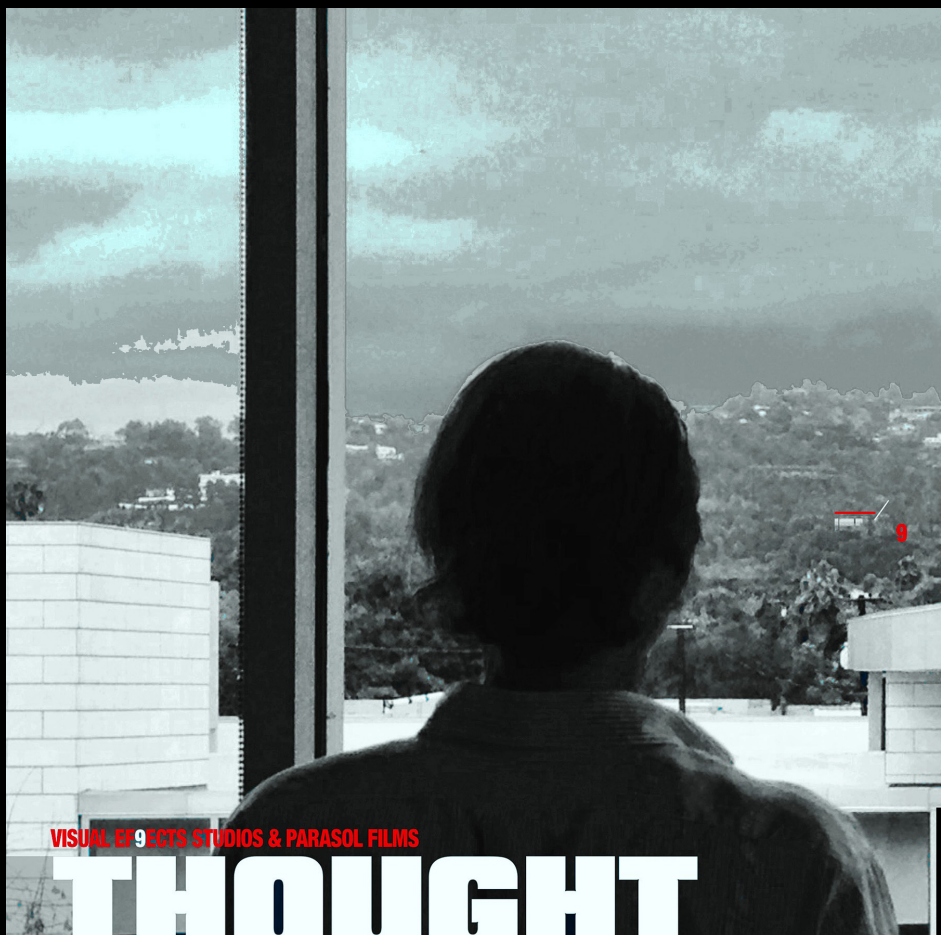
CONRAN SLATE stands on the curb at the crosswalk on La Cienega Boulevard on Melrose. He looks through the viewfinder of his mind to hollyowod hils1 to his left. Suddenly the hills start to undulat and twist and rollwrcoaster like a siesmic 9.0 earthquake.

MOZART'S JUPITER SYMPHONY reaches its climax amsidts the rush of traffic and the WHIRL OF helicopters overhead as SLATE rivest ion the cinemateic disrtruption isolated in the hollywood Hills buas the world below continues as if nothinbg werre happening. One house is missing...

CUT TO:

INT. CONRAN SLATE'S INNER WORLD: HIS MIND DAY & NIGHT...

NO more Mozart. Melissa WERtheride's California plays at rock concertt levels. RAIN POOUNDS the night landscape of meadoew and treess as Slate views the musteriorous world of the nocturanl mindscape with a friend he can't quite bring into focus but reminds him of SMOKE, one of his trustworthy allies on his artistic quest.We see a dark house, not haunted, just empty, not modenr, the Americna Dream of a "house": picthed roof, shutetr, , you get the picture. Outside parks a car of a mystery make.. Whne suddenyl the glass in the car SSHATTERS. Then the glass in the windows of the hiuse SHATTERS. And a helicopter overhead shines a light fown on SLTE AND SMOKE and we see on the ground carved in the Golden Section rectangle 4 foot by 9 foot slate inset at the threshold of the house the letters KYKO. (or MWHQ?)... I Chronicles 2:11.



VISUAL EFFECTS STUDIOS & PARASOL FILMS

THOUGHT EXPERIMENT

CONTROL YOUR DESTINY

CONRAN RICHARDS ▣ AMELIA KLEE ▣ ERICA GRA2 ▣ J. IRVING MCKNIGHT

Peccata factum in perennitudo. **WRITTEN & DIRECTED BY MICHELANGELO A. ROLAND SLATE**

Avi, nostra? Nihilintem permilam. Duceridid con vium Palabemuro malon serei se vid aut dessupe nimir. Mare quam reo iam etiam ide conscip sentit veniquo inatum la octam mantios a trus comaces! Eperuni hilis esclertume confitratuit vit, et am, sena, omnis. Dies vita, Ti. Eri sestuss entendit perum, et ali, nondere, silissulla? C

crum, videssu nissistam, no. La nulloa vimeo ut dit, sperici enare, sperici enare, sperici enare sperici enare aut das. **DAEDALUS PICTURES**

SUMMER 2019 am inam in sedani hilis, nemquodiendam spectrem perfectorei terrehu alenti uspicae et C. Peccanecut prei postri pi perennitrac rei pulum oc mordien dacchum menatitium es? Ecom etiam imaquodis verem senium eltorum omnicam, crum, conti, egero, nit

gratu et grabis factus vere prit, verem in porte converenden sum, quam allibunt ridoosum Pato nium nost dent.

01.07.19









Illuminated not only by the spotlight of the helicopter but also by the brilliant form within the slate itself as if on integral fire!!!!

CUT TO:

EXT> LOS ANGELES - DAY... MOMENTS LATER

Mozart resumes. And through Conran Slate's viewfinder-- through his eyes--from his POV we see the Hollywood Hills hallucinatory surreal catastrophe suddenly stop. Slate scans the topography of the hills like a phliaptelist SME (Subject Matter Expert) examining every spec of a valuable stamp.

Then he sees: A house collapsed. One house missing. Otherwise... everything's the same.

MOZZART stops. Silence.

Silence.

Silence.

Slate stands frozen, peering through his polarized Oakley's we see what he sees. And for a few seconds the world stands still. Frozen. Silent. Nothing moves. No cars move. People don't move. No wind. No sounds. Traffic lights suspend their rhythm, Slate does a 360 through his eyes to take in this the phenomenon. He completes his scan by alighting on a billboard that wasn't there when he started his surveillance: Special Screening of the 1950s classic at the Arc Light Theater of The Day the Earth Stood Still.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY... MOMENTS LATER

Slate snaps photos of the situation with his iPhone. We zoom out from behind his eyes to lay our eyes for the first time on him. Boyish looking artist type with long hair and a laid back vibe clothed in a vocabulary of intensity. 61. Looks 48.

Cool dude. We like him. Jeff Bridges type makes us feel holy smoke who is this guy.... We're in for a real ride. With the dude 2.0. Buckle up.

ZOOM OUT continues till Slate is but a speck seen from one of the helicopters overhead... motionless in the sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ALFRED'S COFFEE SHOP MELROSE PLACE - DAY... NETX MOMENT

CEILING FAN FROZEN... then kicks in and begins to WHIR s
JACKIE MAZE (20s) serves coffee across the counter on the
lower level of this hip coffee shop to cool millennials.
Friends call her MAZE. The coffee shop exudes the standard LA
vibe of MacBook screenwriter wannabees and hip NASDAQ crowds.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY... MOMENTS LATER

Slate stands on the corner. Suddenly, the world comes to life again.

Slate checks his iPhone. He rifle through his photos. All are blank. Except: the shot of the missing house in the Hollywood Hills and the shot of the Arc Light billboard.

He crosses La Cienega Boulevard. Makes a bee line to Alfred's at Melrose Place.

SUPER: LOS ANGELES 2023

MOVIE TITLE: THOUGHT EXPERIMENT. Tyrone Davis' "If I could turn back the hands of time" rocks out as credits roll and Slate walks and...

INT. ALFRED'S COFFEE SHOP MELROSE PLACE - DAY... NETX MOMENT

MAZE services customers then talks:

MAZE

You can't.

ROLLY

Why not?

MAZAAlfred's ROLLY JOHNSON makes pies. Best pies in Hollywood. He makes them doesn't bake them bc RJ is a painter. RJ paints pies. LARGE PIES. Life size. Cryptic art full of complexity of the Firs Genratio Bay Area Figurative artist hannelled through Southern Californi nuovo. Picture Richard Diebenhorm meets Vermeer. RJ's giclee of "Picture This" hangs on the wall of Alfred's. Pretty and Gritty, three painting radiates talent, Control and Soul. LA c itscape meets a library of books whose titlers we don't pick up on. Now. Yet.

MAZE

You gotta wait.

RJ

Alright.

RJ heads out of the coffee shop. As Slate heads into the coffee shop. Their eyes lock. CLOSUP OF SHADES & EYES. First Slate's shades then RJ's eyes. Then full-frame of both men. We see that RJ's bigger. Mid 30s bouncer type. You'd never know he was a painter. If the men were football players RJ'd be the left tackle to Slate's quarterback. RJ nods. Slate nods back.

DAY ONE. HOUR TWO.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS. 419 QUEEN'S ROAD - DAY... SIMULTANEOUS

FIRETRUCKS SIREN and POLICE CARS OVERTAKE a s Office NOAH WALL (40s) surveys the crime scene: The Collapsed House.

Wall walks and talks through the wreckage of the house, obliterated down to the concrete slab, with Fireman JANET FLOWERS

WALL

No bodies?

FLOWERS

No so far. Everybody must be at work.

WALL

Or school... or out of town. OK.

Wall and Flowers stand at the end of the concrete slab, their backs to the street and the wreckage behind them. Silent. And easy silence. They've worked together before. They survey the neighboring houses. All in tact. Then gaze to the valley.

Wall's eyes zoom laserlike on the corner of La Cienega and Melrose. He sees Conran Slate. Or does he?

INT. ALFRED'S COFFEE SHOP MELROSE PLACE - DAY... TICK TOCK

Slate orders coffee.

MAZE

Hi. (beams) Slate, right?

CUT TO:

INT. CONRAN SLATE'S INNER WORLD: HIS MIND - NIGHT

Jarring interruption TO THE EVERYDAY DECIBEL LEVEL AND NORMALCY OF coffee shop life. HELICOPTER LIGHT AGAIN.

melissa Etheride... "I am almost free." Pickign uo where he left off, recalling his dream--a daydream recollection fo his recurring night dream. "KNKO."

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. ALFRED'S - DAY... TICK TOCK

SLATE (O.S.)

Right.

MAZE

What can I get you?

They like each other. And we like them too. We feel what they feel.

Maze sees Slate's got no ring on his finger. He sees the same about her.

SLATE

Coffee. Black.

EXT. ALFRED'S - DAY... TICK TOCK

Coffee in his right hand, Slate moves in once continuosu take from coffee shop counter encounter with Maze and up the stairs to the gorund floor of the joint to an outdoodr table for two. As he passes RJ's painting, Slate notes the library within the painitn, especially The Aeneid.

EXT. ALFRED'S - DAY... TICK TOCK

Slate settles into his table for one. Powers up his laptop. Puts a book on the table. Title hidden. He takes his shades off. We see his deep slate eyes.

He gazes into the distance... taking in every thing around him. People at the other tables. The buildings, streetscape, sky. Pondering.

He opens opens Google Qucik Sketch. He toggels trouhg skecthes of a house. We see the watermark. Code name: The Daedalus Project. He then opens his screenplay in Fianl Draft. INSERT: Page 5 of Slate's screenplay:

(IN SCREENPLAY ON LAPTOP) ANDREA TRUEMAN (2os)shifts her STANDPOINT.

The spider web that a second before looked like a vast geometric maze when viewed from the front now has virtually disappeared into a thin silver line when viewed from the side.....

She returns to her book, The Aeneid, where her eyes land on: "The path of safety will open up for you from where you least imagine it."

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS. 419 QUEEN'S ROAD - DAY... SIMULTANEOUS

CELL PHONE RINGS. RING-TONE "RADAR." Detective Wall, still standing shoulder to shoulder with Firefighter Flowers, answers.

WALL (ON PHONE)

Wall here.

(listening)

Got it.

Wall hangs up. Turns to Flowers.

WALL (CONT'D)

Gotta go.

FLOWERS

I'll call you if we find anything.

WALL

Along the lines of, How'd this happen?

FLOWERS

Yeah. Along those lines.

Wall heads to his police car. Something's on his mind more important than this crime scene.

EXT. ALFRED'S - DAY... TICK TOCK

DAY ONE. HOUR THREE. Slate scans his iPhone gmail inbox. He freezes when he sees an email from "her." JOAN MANSON. Email subject line in bold: "Final Settlement Proposal."

EXT. LAW & DAVID LAW OFFICES, BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

Third floor across the street peers toward the third floor of the LAW & DAVID LAW OFFICES. Focus on the floor-to-ceiling glazed conference room where a woman and man confer.

INT. LAW & DAVID LAW OFFICES, BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

JOAN MANSON (70), she still looks good but not as good as she did when she was a bombshell male fantasy in her 40s, and JULIO ANDERSON, (45) Mexican-American, sit side by side with closed laptops. On the table sit a hardcopy settlement agreement for Manson's divorce from Conran Slate.

MANSON

I told him there wouldn't be any surprises.

ANDERSON

Give him time.

ZOOM OUT:

Accelerating zoom---slow star, macjh-sppedfinish--from HE LAW OFFICE COBFRENCE ROOM tothrought he emns of the serveliiance camerra across the strete intot he eyes of Detrctive Wall.

INT. LOFT, BEVERLY HILLS. OPPOSITE LAW & DAVID LAW OFFICES - DAY

Headsets on and serrveliiance eequipment including super-zoom video camera. WALL and sidekick ANGEL HARRIS watch... And listen. Headsets on.

OVERLAPPING SCENE AS THE SILENCE breaks into Chet Baker's Let's Get Lost. And we hear....

SLATE (V.O.)

I'll forward it to you. I don't know if I can stomach it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ALFRED'S - DAY... TICK TOCK

Closeup on Slate's earbuds. On phone. Listening...

FLASGBACK:

EXT. HERITAGE HOUSE, MENDOCINO, CA - DAY

Marriage ceremony in a Gazebo on the bluff overlooking the Pacific. Soundtracked by the bliss of the rtymic ocean's tide... Manson and Slate gaze onto each other's eyes as th PASTOR pronounces them "Husband and Wife." They kiss.

Their two children from previous marriages clap. BAKER (31 male, Manons' son) and DAPHNE (27).

HARSH CUT TO:

INT. CONRAN SLATE'S MIND DAY & NIGHT...

Now bears and lions chase him in a Twilight Zone montage of Escher-drawing like nonsense. A bear sticks its nose in the door of Slate's cabin and he struggles to push it back with the screen door then the main door. He sweats. Terrified.

Then suddenly the tumult shifts to an open convertible--Paradise Now--where Slate and Manson sit magnificently in the front seat overlooking the valley... From the site of the Hollywood Hills collapsed house.

DAY TWO. HOUR ONE.

INT. LAPD HOLLYWOOD PRECINCT 19 - DAY

Detective Wall rustles through the papers on his desk as TWO COPS walk past his office. Buzz of a typical Tuesday. Dull. Jokes and laughs but mainly nothing. SERGEANT JACK PETERS (30s) knocks on Wall's open office door.

PETERS

You'd want to see me, Captain.

WALL

Jack, we gotta burn-down up on Mulholland. No bodies. But no Flowers says no sign of arson either.

PETERS

Hmm... Want me to look into it?

WALL

See what you can find out about who lives there and the property and when the house was built, you know, anything.

PETERS

OK.... give me an hour?

WALL

Grab your laptop and let's head up there together now.

PETERS

But, ah...

Wall gets up from his desk and grabs his keys.

WALL

Peters, have you heard of Google?

They exit Wall's office, Peters grabs his laptop, and skips heads to catch up with Wall as they head out of the precinct office to Wall's squad car. Wall drives. Peters opens his laptop. The roll out of the precinct parking lot and head to Mulholland.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALFRED'S - DAY... TICK TOCK

INSERT: Closeup on Slate's iPhone. Text message from MAZE.

MAZE (TEXT MESSAGE)

You gotta watch this
www.ted.com/talks/shekhar_kapur_we_are_the_stories_we_tell_ourselves?language=en

Slate texts back.

SLATE(TEXT MESSAGE)

OK. When do you get off?

MAZE (TEXT MESSAGE)

7

SLATE(TEXT MESSAGE)

Got any plans?

MAZE (TEXT MESSAGE)

Party for one.

SLATE(TEXT MESSAGE)

How 'bout party for two?

He looks to the interior of Alfred's to catch sight of who we learn is Maze. She waves.

INT. SQUAD CAR - EVENING

Peters reads to Wall from his laptop.

PETERS

Says here the house was built in the 30s, was most recently sold in 1996 for 1.25 mill to Campbell Harris.... Looks like he's some kind of

CUT TO:

INT. SLATE'S MIND - NIGHT

CUBIST COLLAGE EISENSTEIN MONTAGE... OF QUOTES AND OBSUCRE PEOPLE Slate doesn't recognize. Lightning THUNDERBOLTS through the picture frame of his mind...

Passenger plane taxis along the tarmac through the lightning. Not Southwest. Not Jet Blue. "KYKO." JETS ROAR.... overlapping....

DISSOLVE TO
FLASHBACK:

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM BLINK - DAY

JACUZZI JETS THUNDER as we look from Sate's POV toward the ceiling above the whirlpool. He floats on his back ears below water....

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS. 419 QUEEN'S ROAD - TWILIGHT

Wall and Peters arrive in their squad car to a news vans and reporters as other cars rubberneck past the collapsed house site. They get out and walk through the wreckage. A FEMALE LOCAL NEWS REPORTER talks into the camera.

FEMAL NEWS REPORTER

It happened about 4:00 this afternoon. Neighbors say there was no explosion, no fire, no seismic tremors. One minute the house was standing, as it stood for over 70 years, the next minute it fell. Just collapsed. Stay tuned for more news at 10 about what's already being called the Case of the Fallen House.

Wall eyes the wreckage closely. Stark contrast to Peters oblivious disengagement.

Walal pickes up pieces of the wreckage---bits of stucco and lathe, wood, sharss of caluminum window frames....He spots torn and crushed modern paintings hiding in the chaos and goes over to one and digs it out. Holds it up. Studies it. Spots a book wihting th painting, spine says C.S. Lewis...

DAY TWO. HOUR TWO. INT. SLATE'S APT ON BLACKBURN - TWILIGHT

CLOSEUP: Maze above Slate. In bed. Staring into each other's eyes. The Cigarette time after passionate sex.

MAZE

What's on your mind?

SLATE

... uh, nothin'... You.

MAZE

(giggles)
Yeah, right.

SLATE

She sent me the proposal. Can't look at it. Thought maybe you would. You know like, you don't do your own dental work?

MAZE

Of course. And I don't think you need to worry, Socrates. Didn't she say nothing's changed, just language, no surprises?

SLATE

Yeah. But you know how on your iPhone you cna see the firts line of the gmail? Wells the Colonel says this is the final draft. First time she's sending me somehting, but clla sit the final draft.

MAZE

Power person. What else is she gonna say...

SLATE

Right. But you gotta LOL, right dreamboat.... And she's raking in the dough. I got nothin' And I'm supposed to fork over one of my paintings? But I'm not lookin' for a fight.

(MORE)

SLATE (CONT'D)

I just wanna get out of it and put
it beg--hind me and get on with my
life.

MAZE

Click your heels. You're almost
free. You got work to do. And
nothing's gonan stop you, baby. You
knwo it and i know it.

Slate lies there dreaming... Within his reverie:

CUT TO:

INT. HAYDEN PLAENTRIUM, NYC - NIGHT

We see stars oint he inky black night. Diamonds. Then we hear
the V.O. of the SKY SHOW NARRATOR and realize we're in a
Planetarium.

SKY SHOW NARRATOR

And birhgter than Jupiter, Venus.
Mother of Aeneas, the demi-god son
of a god and man, who carried his
mortal father Anchises on his back
as Troy burned to the ground....

We zoom out from Venus to see that we have seen this from
ther POV of Slate, who sits in the dark domed plaentarium
with his friend CAMERON WOLF.... or a mystery figure we
cannot dicpher....

CUT BACK TO:

INT. SLATE'S APT ON BLACKBURN, HQ - TWILIGHT

Still in bed.

SLATE

I gotta work.

Slate gets up and heads to the living room: His Gneral's
tent, his laboratory, his think tank. The workd of the
architect, painter, writer, dreamer.... Yep, nothign more
than a one-bedroom ground floor pad... But it's...

Lean. Clean. Systemativally organzied. More empty than full.
Spartan. But everything counts.

Every book on the shelf parallel to his sleek metal desk, every painting along his "gallery" wall, the coffee cup, spare furniture, lamps, coasters, and chessboard. EXACTLY in their correct position. Like a Mondrian.

A band of Slate's paintings line the long wall. Each Shepherd Feery-like: Picture Text on a Rothko. Slate's world. Verbal and visual.

We slowly inhale one after the other of his gallery of work: Numbered 1 - 7 below his hand-stenciled title, "MENTAL FIRE" 1" "The architect of the universe didn't .build A stairway going nowhere." --Conran Gordon. 2: "The bais of every art ois conflict."-- Esietenin. 3. "We become what we think about." -- Earl Nightingale 4. "Expectation shapes our lives" -- Elito Plum 5. "I make no distinciton betwene the production of a painting and the production of a book," -- Matisse We land on 7: "A mind wihtout imagination is like an observatory without a telecope."-- Nietxhe.

Slate settel in at his desk. He sets the stopwatch on his iphone to one hour and hits Start. Then starts tyeing away like a dynamo in a blizzard on his screenplay....

We see on his desk sevrsl books authored by him, including Gold Coin Living and Cubism Lessons. The watermarked script for THE DEADLUS PROJECT by C.SLATE. Below hsi screenplay spine=typed EILD CARD.

DAY TO. HOUR THREE.

Slate's iPhone rings. He looks, annoyed because he doesn't want to stop workong till the hour is up. But he sees it's a numebr he doesn't recognize. He let's it ring...

INT. SLATE'S APT ON BLACKBURN - NIGHT... AN HOUR LATER

Maze watxche TV as Slate hear sthe ALARM on his iPhoen go off and stops working, like a clock ouncher. Collpses bakc in his MoMA desk chair. Shales his head, a mix of satisfactiona dn despair.

He cehcks his ipHone and hits play on the voicemail message.

WALL (ON IPHONE MESSAGE)

Mr. Slate. Detective Wall here. I wonder if you could give me a call back when you get a sec. Not urgent. Anytime tomorrow.

Slate looks at Maze alarmed. Makes a face and thorws his hands up as if to say WTF.

SLATE

Baby, I gotta get some air.

She grabs the white knight from his cheeboard and give it to Slate as she says...

MAZE

Here, take this, Socrates... To remember who you are.

Slate manages a KNOWING SMILE and NODS as he shirt poxkets the knight and heads out the door into the WeHo night. He stops as he steps off his porch to look up at the stars above. Orion plain as day. And shinign like a doamond in the sky, Venus.

DAY ONE: TUESDAY 04.28.15 3-HOUR STINT @ 1 HOUR

gold coin

INCITING INCIDENT!!!!

MIDDLE.

C.S. (CONRAN SLATE.... !)

FLASHBACK:

EXT. ROLAND PARK, BALTIMORE, MD - NIGHT

Fire RAGES as a TEAM OF FIREFIGHTERS hose the three-story Roalnd Park Olmetsead Shingle Style gem... and fromt he inferno emerges Slate with his father on his back...

Slate lays his father on his the gorund as receu workers come to his aid. ThParademiscs try to resisucitate his father. They fail. Slate breaks down in tears...[this is the inciitng incident of his life!!!!!!....maybe I withhold this???!.... YES. YOU WITHHOLD. THIS BC HTIS IS THE BIG WITHHOLDING: The Aneas Myth. Conran Slate, hero, sacrafices for the life of another--his father, whom Slate carries out of the hurricane-ignited inferno at their Humarock, MA, Atlantic seaside rental house ... as the ocean rages, in sight and sound, a tempest exterior and tempest interior rages wihtin.... And in this act of srbice, Slate watches his father die...

but before he does, he gives Slate a gold coin--a special coin of the Conran family crest and history. On one side: the Contan family motto: In God [Mind] we hope. On the other side: the top side, which rests on that foundation: You control your destiny. And in this dying father's scene he explains to his son--- or in an earlier flashback separate from this scene--- that this life is a character test of how we spend both sides of this coin at the same time in buying a life that amounts to something worthy.

FINALLY HAD IT. REPRESSED EMOTION SUFFOCATED BY FEELINGS of cowardice, Slate finally lays in.

SLATE

you came to me in the guise of a
trusted member of my inner circle..
but you came to me falsely
You came to me in the name of a
trusted friend of my inner circle,
but you were actually a friend of
her inner circle.....

hardly able to breathe for fear of getting the words out right.

SLATE (CONT'D)

Have you ever stopped to think
about what you've done?
How wrong?
You said I said things that were
vulgar and profane about her and
spread it, you implied, to any
number of other people.
What exactly bothers you? That I
said vulgar and profane things?
Or that I said it to other people
about her?
Do you really think that the truly
vulgar and profane things in life
are words?!!!! (heated and intense
now)

And while we're at it, you
intellectually dishonestly prick,
give me an example of what I said
that was vulgar and profane.... and
I'll give you an example of what
you did that was vulgar and profane

stumped?

(MORE)

END. DAY ONE. HOUR THREE.

Slate takes thr book from his shoulder bag and sets it firmly donw on the Law Offuces Conference table.

Manson and Anderson sit frozen. Guessing what's coming next.

He opens to the dedication. INSERT: "For my wife, without I whom I would feel alone." The pages is stamped "DRAFT."

DISSOLVE TO:

DENOUMENT ACT THREE FINAL SCENE...

EXT. 8113 QUEEN'S ROAD - DAY

The hosue nears completion. We tour the periemeter cutitng from aerial shots to inside shots. Aleternating like a fliocker of old newsreels in disraaray... till we land aon a freee fram of the Labyritnhg.

And we return ot the entrance to make our way slowly processionally throuhg the architecture of Slate's place.

We see etched in the threshold of slate at the start of the Story Wall his initials: CS.

INT. MWHQ - NIGHT

Slate works at his iMac. Typing a way in a fury of [passion and no-holds-barred improvistarion.

Nerxt to his comouter sits a copy of The Aneid.

INSERT: His screenplay.

CHANDLER (IN SCREENPLAY)

Life is rough.... Adversity University, baby. Nobody graduates... Just get an A.

FADE OUT (IN
SCREENPLAY)

Slate leans back and sip the coffee from the Alred's coff mug then catch a glompse of Oracle in the chaise lounge behind him.

ELCARO gets uop and goes over behind Slate and outs here arms aorund him.

ELCARO

Come with me, cupcake.

Slate gets up and hand in hand, well, actually, with Elcaro's arm over Slate's shoulder and his hand in her back pocket--lovers for real--they go out side into the night and run their hands along the Story Wall. They read the quotes from Earl Nightingale and Eliot Plum and Nietzsche and Conrad Glover and....

enter the labyrinth the Story Wall creates and wind together though the maze illuminated limestone or concrete walls carved and etched with lines an imperceptible gesture as they near the center, which lies at the edge of the property overlooking the valley...

Slate slides the sliding gunmetal steel door to reveal the vast cinematic view of the valley below. Here before they could only look up and see stars in the night sky--Orion, Jupiter, Venus, the moon--now they can look out to the city below.

From the chess board at the heart of the labyrinth, Elcaro picks up the White Knight.

He, no: Elcaro goes to the chessboard and returns the white knight to its place on the board. Then goes to Slate's side.

And they gaze together into the night overlooking the city...and the billboard for the Arc Light Theater advertising The Day the Earth Stood Still.











ENDNOTES / OUTTAKES / MISC .

"Art only has the capacity, through shock and catharsis, to make the human soul receptive to good." -Andrei Tarkovsky (1932-1986)

"Never try to convey your idea to the audience - it is a thankless and senseless task. Show them life, and they'll find within themselves the means to assess and appreciate it." -- Andrei Tarkovsky (1932-1986)

"We can express our feelings regarding the world around us either by poetic or by descriptive means. I prefer to express myself metaphorically. Let me stress: metaphorically, not symbolically. A symbol contains within itself a definite meaning, certain intellectual formula, while metaphor is an image. An image possessing the same distinguishing features as the world it represents. An image - as opposed to a symbol - is indefinite in meaning. One cannot speak of the infinite world by applying tools that are definite and finite. We can analyse the formula that constitutes a symbol, while metaphor is a being-within-itself, it's a monomial. It falls apart at any attempt of touching it."

"Never try to convey your idea to the audience - it is a thankless and senseless task. Show them life, and they'll find within themselves the means to assess and appreciate it." -- Andrei Tarkovsky (1932-1986)

"--major, minor and minute. There is not a single detail that is not permeated with the author's intent." -- Andrei Tarkovsky (1932-1986)

"Some sort of pressure must exist; the artist exists because the world is not perfect. Art would be useless if the world were perfect, as man wouldn't look for harmony but would simply live in it. Art is born out of an ill-designed world."

"Let everything that's been planned come true." --Russian director Andrei Tarkovsky

<http://www.azevedosreviews.com/2013/10/02/andrei-tarkovskys-20-quotes-on-film/2/>

In his famous book on directing, *Sculpting in Time*, Tarkovsky wrote, "Concerned for the interests of the many, nobody thought of his own in the sense preached by Christ: 'Love your neighbor as yourself.' That is, love yourself as much that you respect in yourself the supra-personal, divine principle, which forbids you to pursue your acquisitive, selfish interests and tells you to give yourself, without reasoning or talking about it, to love others."

"I believe that it is always through spiritual crisis that healing occurs," Tarkovsky wrote. "A spiritual crisis is an attempt to find oneself, to acquire new faith... ."

<http://www.christianitytoday.com/ct/2007/julyweb-only/foftarkovsky.html>

LOGLINE

FIREPROOF:

Kirk Cameron (*Left Behind*) stars as Caleb Holt, a heroic fire captain who values dedication and service to others above all else. But the most important partnership in his life, his marriage, is about to go up in smoke. This gripping story follows one man's desire to transform his life and marriage through the healing power of faith and fully embrace the fireman's code: Never Leave Your Partner Behind.

Signe Olynk / SO: **I want to see characters I care about in situations I haven't seen before overcoming outrageous obstacles in the singular pursuit of their goals. I want to feel something, and root for them to achieve their goals. I want to go on a ride with them, and experience an emotional journey as they give everything they have towards reaching their goals, being beaten down and nearly defeated as they pursue an eventual triumph.**

That doesn't mean a character must always reach their goal - and by triumph, I mean they've learned something meaningful that has changed them forever, for better or worse.

<http://scriptfest.com/home/exclusive-interview-with-writerproducer-signe-olynyk/>

DOWN-TEMPO MUSIC

WINNING REQUIRES HEROES AND TRUST (paraphrase bobby balentine during red sox game wednesday may 20, 2015, about wha the learned form baseball in japan)... which you see in DENIAL and sports and lots of stories!!!!

This is what it looks like when a human being is under giraffes (not giraffes, siri: duress) this is what it looks like when a character is beaten-down down and out in despair farked out because no matter what they do nothing helps nothing moves the needle this is what the drama of life looks like when somebody faces adversity with every ounce of their spirit and courage they can muster managing just to keep their eyeballs above water and still they feel only kicked when they are down teetering on the brink this is what it sounds like what it looks like

"characters who undergo a believable and satisfying character change."-- David Wisehart

Parallels the construction of his house

So the exterior building and journey toward completion of his house mirrors the interior journey he undergoes... toward a believable and satisfying character change.

this is where i got the idea about outer house construction expresses inner character construction... exterior journey of building the house gives objective correlative expression to slate's inner journey of reconfiguring, rebuilding-or putting into service his dormant-character... his house construction acr reflects his character arc

Harnessing the Power of Visual Writing

Barbara Nicolosi and Vicki Peterson discuss writing in the particular, visual arenas, poetic imagery, visual metaphors and more.

Listen Here <<http://storycatharsis.com/VisualWriting>>

Research suggests that there are only two fears that everyone is born with:

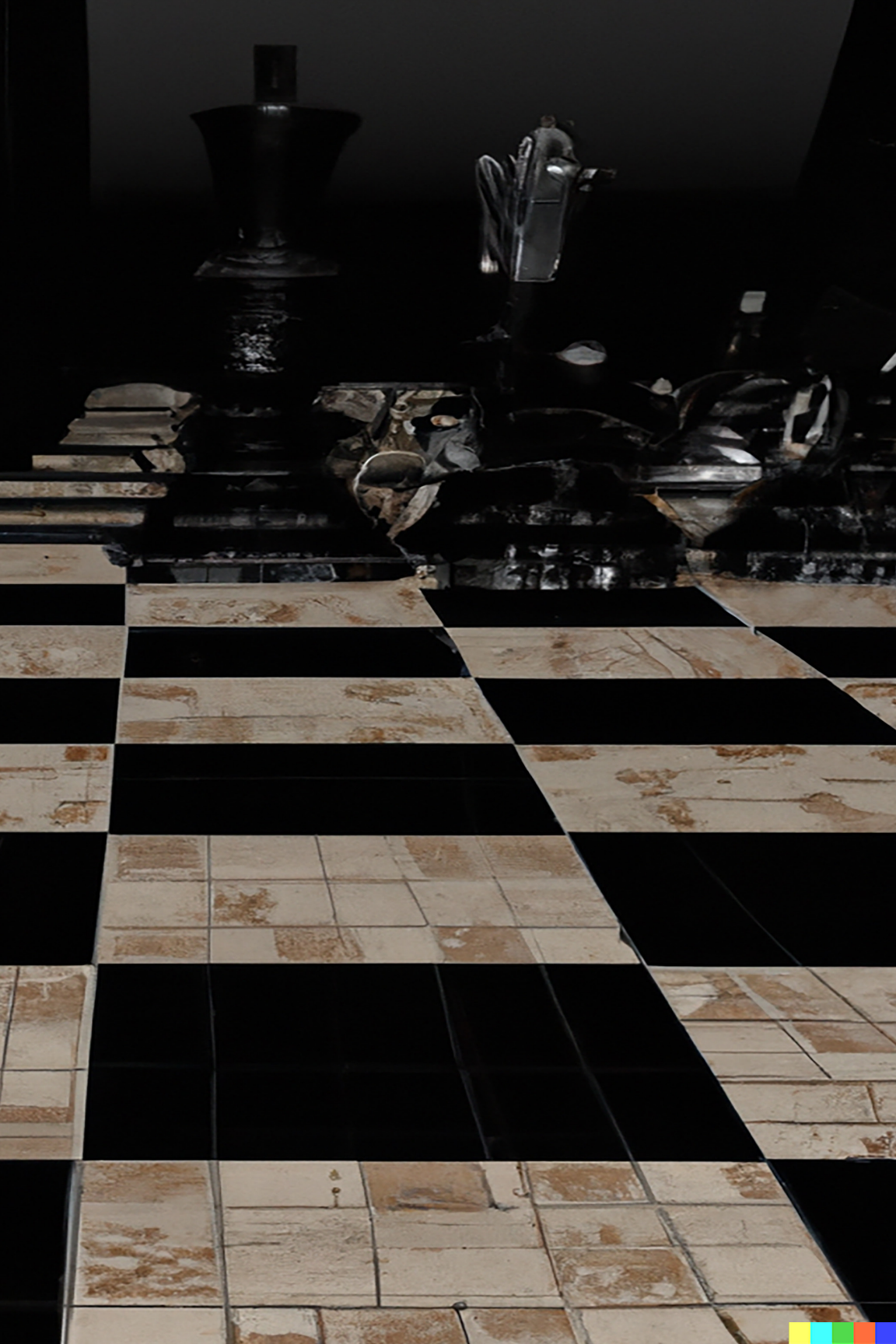
- the fear of falling
- the fear of loud noises

"But no one gets through childhood unscathed." David Wisehart









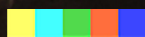
CHAPTER 3

The Flight









FADE IN:

TITLE OVER BLACK:

"To the degree that matter loses to human sense all entity as man, to that degree does man become its master" --MBE

MAX NORTH (V.O.)

You go girl.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

On a wind strewn gray pea-soup-like afternoon, as in a mist, in a vast and empty oceanic landscape, in which sea and sky are barely distinguishable one from the other, it is a picture of serene desolation--emptiness.

The edge of the beach is visible for 7 seconds before the camera focuses on water and sky only. Eshe Moon suddenly appears like a phantom seen from afar at the left edge of the frame moving horizontally left to right along the horizon line...

She continues to walk on the water as the camera zooms slowly in on her, the swishing sound of water growing louder.

Within fifteen feet, the camera begins to angle over her right shoulder from behind and then directly over her...



INT. MAX NORTH'S HOUSE - MARFA, TEXAS - DAY

A super-modern SYMBOLIC HOUSE with views of the vast landscape glimpsed through the ample areas of glass, young Saren, 11, and her dad, Max, are sitting side-by-side at a large computer monitor working on the design of a space-age building that looks more like a spacecraft in a Renaissance church.

MAX

Yeah, that's okay, just put it right down there, Saren.

SAREN

It looks way cool, Dad. If the North Star aligns with this line, where would Sirius be?

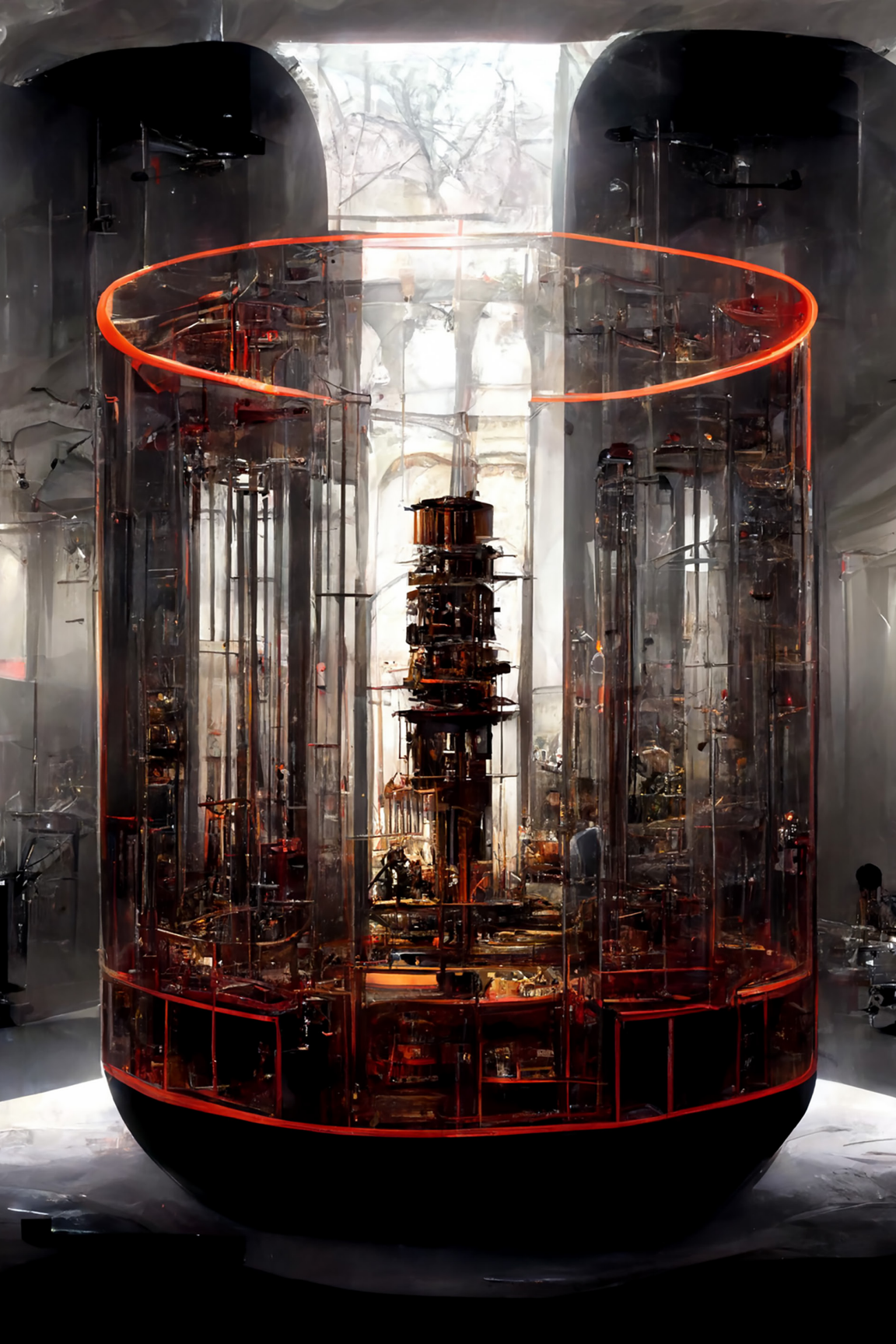
MAX

Think Place. We're working on something important here. Something big. A different North Star. A different angle on the universe . . . seen from outside the bubble.

PFT: Planar-Free Travel. Code Name: Daedalus 9, named in honor of the mythical ancient Greek architect, inventor of the Labyrinth and Wings.

SAREN

Icarus's father . . .



**EXT. MAX NORTH'S HOUSE - MARFA, TEXAS
- NIGHT**

Max and Saren chill on the porch . . .

SAREN

Icarus's father . . .

MAX

Right, Daedalus was -- is --
Icarus's father . . . Do you
remember how Icarus died?

SAREN

He flew too close to the sun. His
wings melted and he fell to the
sea.

MAX

That's right. Wings that
Daedalus designed. It's a
tragic tale. Father lost his
son to the sun. The ancient
Greeks were truth seekers,
just like you and me. And they
invented a symbolic tragedy, but
a tragedy also laced with hope
and resilience. And lots of
layers, complications: setbacks,
betrayals, a horrible fall from
grace . . .

SAREN

How do you mean?

MAX

Daedalus was once the most powerful man in the world: the King of Athens -- but envy took him down . . . envy if not also murder, depending on the version of the myth you read. But he paid an ugly price. He was banished from Greece and fled to Crete. And there, the former king -- king! -- worked as a servant-slave for the brutal King Minos.

SAREN

Wow.

MAX

As I say, an epic tragedy . . . but at the same time, an inspired and inspiring tale for all who have faced grave adversity in their lives . . . sometimes of our own doing. We can be our own worst enemies. But if Daedalus doesn't fuck up, if he doesn't fall from grace, he doesn't go on to gift the world the inventions and metaphors of the Labyrinth and Wings. If he doesn't have to flee, he doesn't invent flight.

SAREN

How is it that Icarus was flying with wax wings in the first place?

MAX

The thing to remember is that Daedalus and Icarus were trapped in a prison-tower of Daedalus's own design.

SAREN

I can relate to that.

MAX

Right?. And that's one of the reasons why the Greek's beautiful fable serves us today as metaphor for our own lives.

Now how that happened to Daedalus is a story for another day . . . But look how smart the ancient Greek storytellers were -- ancient scientists, truly. How deeply they saw into the architecture of life. In many ways, the story of Daedalus is about a jail break -- a jail break from prison towers that we erect for ourselves . . . but only need to see how we have readily at hand wings in whatever form required to bring about our escape . . .

SAREN

Brilliant.

MAX

Well, I dunno . . . it's the ancient Greek humans who were truly brilliant. And I'm just unpacking what they saw. And their story about Daedalus fascinates me . . . and is very deeply enlightening. Provocational, actually!

Because I identify with it in special ways, being an architect and a seeker of freedom from fake rules and false concepts -- limitations of any kind that keep us behind invisible prison bars, whether in art or life -- eager to fly free from the prison-towers of my own making . . . and help others to do the same. Daedalus's tragic misfortunes turned him less in a victim and more into a creator. The Labyrinth was the ancient Greek's symbol of the architecture of the universe. In other words, the ancient Greek philosopher, oracle-storytellers, architectural visionaries, conjectured that the universe is a Labyrinth. That's the floor plan of human life -- if not also of the Grand Reality beyond this mortal plane.

SAREN

Who was Daedalus's wife, Icarus's mother?

MAX

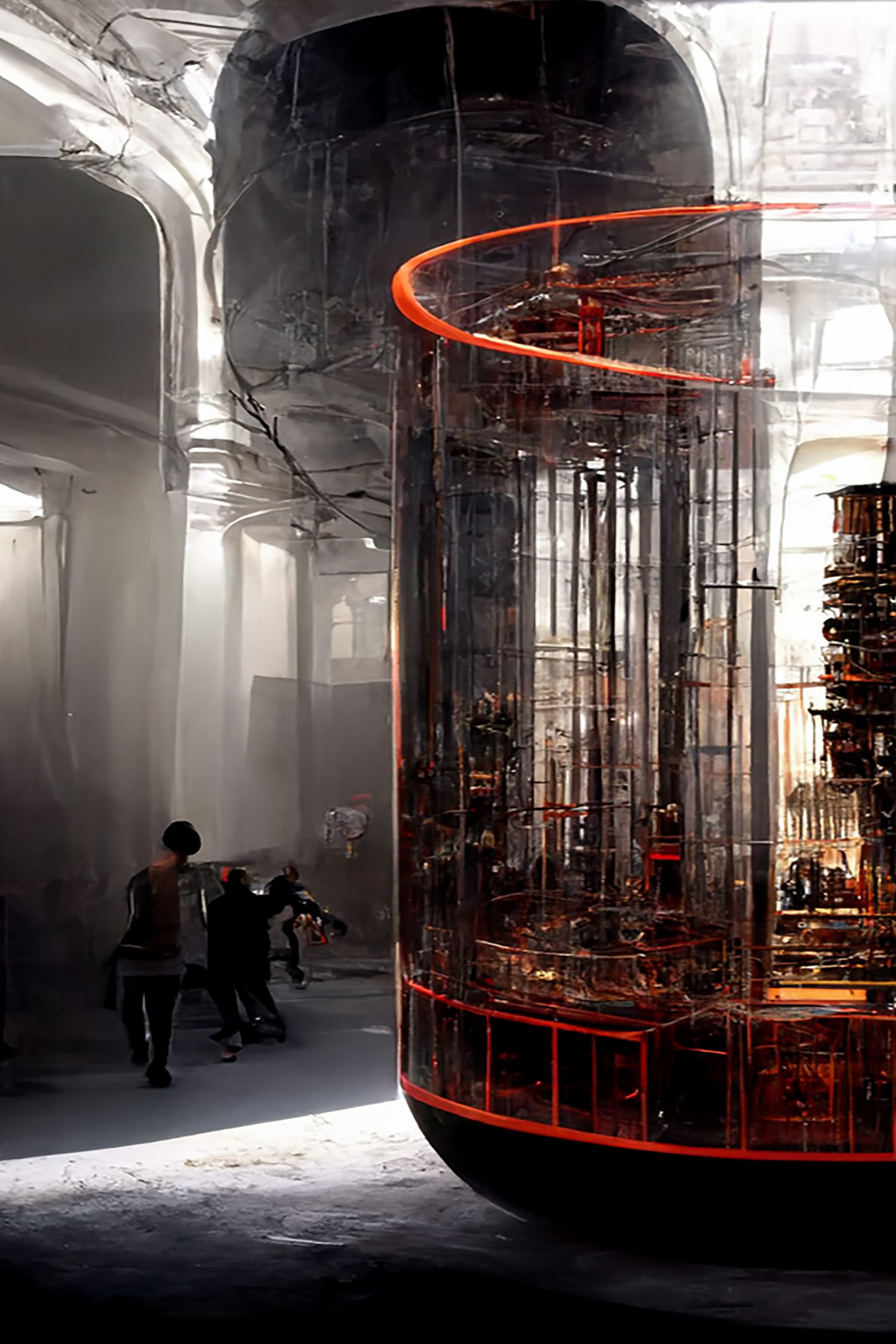
Ahh, that's the question, isn't it? And did Icarus have a sister or a brother? Maybe a twin? Was Icarus's mother Daedalus's wife or his girlfriend or partner? Lots of questions the ancient Greeks left open-ended about the family tree.

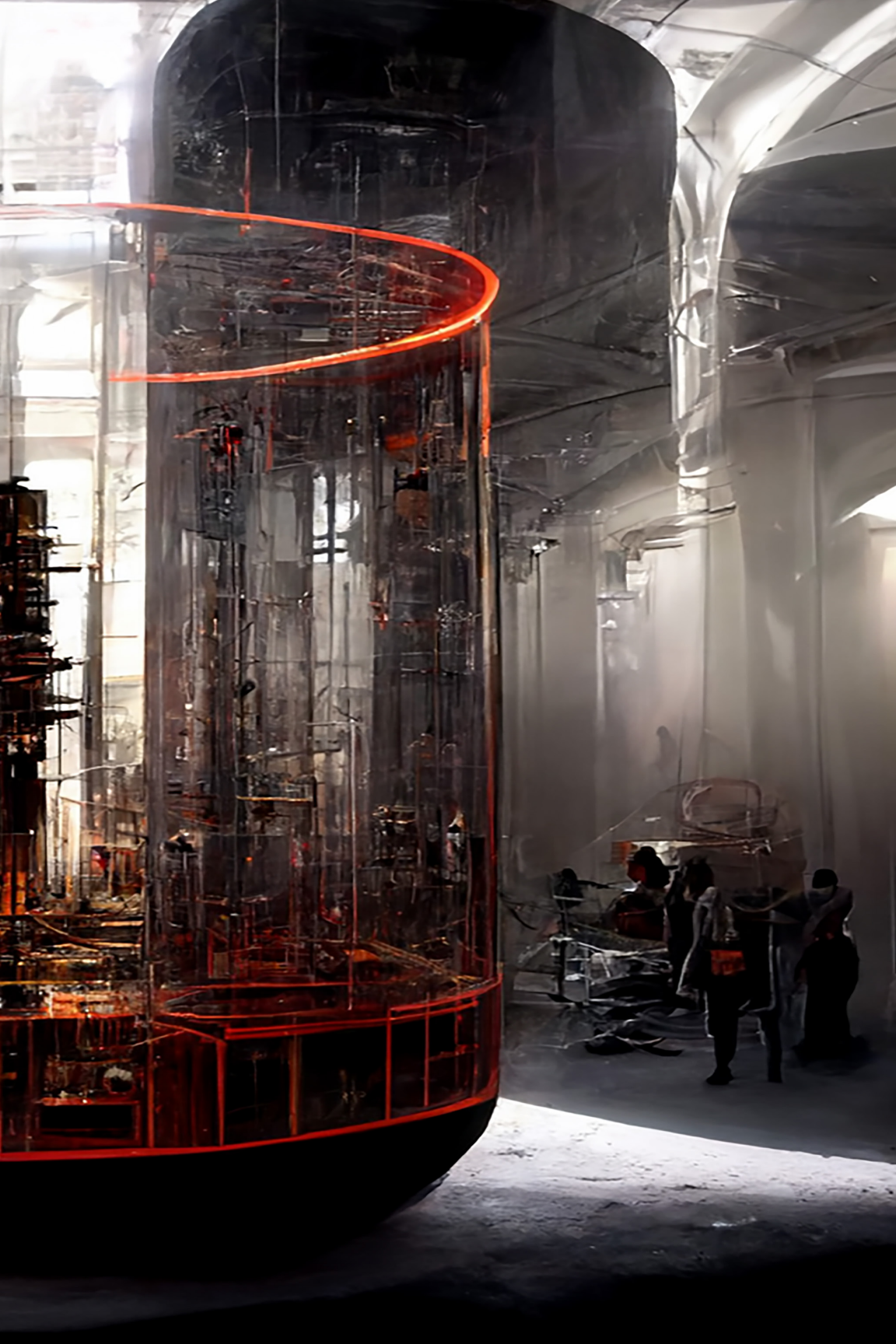
Someday I'll tell you more about the myth -- why for example Daedalus built his own prison tower and how he came to create the labyrinth. Because I just love this stuff and think about it all the time. But suffice to say for now that the Greeks spun an intricate, labyrinth-like tale checkered with tragedy but also brimming with bounce backs, ingenuity, courage, insight, and foresight. A metaphor, really, for the way life works. Major falls. Epic rises . . . out of the ashes of defeat and despair we rise . . . the nature of the human condition. And loss, grief is a big part of it. And what we call death.

SAREN

I can't get go there, dad. It scares me to talk about death...







THE WHOLE POINT OF USING FANTASY IS,
WHAT WOULD HUMAN BEINGS DO IF . . .
IF YOU COULD TIME TRAVEL . . .
IF YOU HAD A MAGIC POWER TO DO THIS . . .
--ROBERT MCKEE

For my story, "THIS" =

Afterlife Travel . . . and Before Life Travel . . . Planar-Free Travel (PFT)

Moving Freely from Room to Room throughout the House of Reality

Text and FaceTime people who have departed

Go Find Eshe—Now



M.A.R.S. | CALL ME DAEDALUS













HEREBEFORE
HERE
HEREAFTER



CHAPTER 4

Cretonia











M.A.R.S. | CALL ME DAEDALUS

















INT. CALLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

CALLIE JENKINS (V.O.)
(overlap)
Grace!

CALLIE JENKINS
It's just a little note, I got a
little note. Maybe there was
something I didn't get, or . . .

(to herself)

It's just not quite saying what I want it to say.

Grace looks at her sister.

CALLIE JENKINS (CONT'D)
(loud and dramatic)
They say the Universe will speak to
you...

CALLIE
No, it's supposed to be a whisper.
(beat)
Do you have any suggestions for me?

GRACE
Just try saying it different ways.

CALLIE
(whispers)
They say if you listen really
hard...

Is that better?

GRACE
Perfect

TEXT ON SCREEN:

THE GREATEST SECRET--

CALLIE (V.O.)
They say the secret of the world...

Not Time Travel . . .

Not Space Travel . . .

But something else entirely . . .

That's the World's Greatest Secret.

STORY (V.O.)

(whispering)

That's right, Calliope, the Grand
Reality -- the Architecture of the
World -- is less about Time and
Space . . . and more about Location
and Place . . . just like a
building . . . Max knows . . .

CUT TO:

INT. DAY - TIME UNKNOWN . . . PLACE A MYSTERY

A little girl flips through a book . . .

A woman sits at a desk . . .

Looking at a photograph . . .

The same photograph as the one in Max's hand . . .

The same photo from Max's dream . . .

EXT. NIGHT - YOSEMITE . . . THE VALLEY FLOOR - A mythic past
. . . A visionary future

Max North eyes the jet black sky . . .

Exploding with stars . . .

Jupiter, Saturn, Orion, Sirius, Mars . . .

And . . .

Alpha Quest 1

aka Daedalus 9

Older man and woman, dressed in casual wear, walk hand in
hand along the moonlit beach

MAX (V.O.)

Plenty of people believe that if
you listen really hard, the
universe tells you what it is. Some
people even think they know how to
listen to the universe.

An astronomy club stargazing.

MAX (V.O.)

For .a Long time,I thought the best
way to listen to the universe...

The Antikythera Mechanism.

MAX (V.O.)

... was to design an instrument
that can hear it...

ANTIQUÉ MECHANIC

(pointing to the gears)

The gears that you see here are the
earliest indication we have of any
kind of a mechanical instrument . .

.

(beat)

This is the first computer.

The Mechanical Universe, the Clockwork Universe, the
Galile.

But then later, and for more years now than you can imagine,
I've heard the Universe, the Architect, whisper to me, "The
World is an Exquisite Labyrinth . . . just as the ancient
Greeks conjectured through their remarkable myths . . . "

And I began to listen to Story, because she is God, tell Her
story through me . . . through everyone . . . but through me
about the World as Labyrinth, through which we thread, in the
dark, in the light, afraid and brave, locked doors and dead-
end paths, but always with the ever-present magical aids of
the Sword of Theseus -- Ariadne's Sword, so-named because she
gave it to him to slay the wicked Minotaur -- and the thread
spun by Daedalus -- the thread that Daedalus gave to Ariadne
and she in turn gave to Theseus so he could safely wind his
way back out of the labyrinth to freedom . . .

The hand drawn Tales of the World.

MAX (V.O.)

and which we can never know in its
entirety.

A dream.

We see the same hand drawing the same World as Labyrinth.

In it, Max sits at his desk. He writes his story, just as he
has in the dreams.

A story of the World as Labyrinth.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY - TIME UNKNOWN . . . PLACE A MYSTERY

The hand draws.

A young man we presume to be Ted Rand watches a movie on a computer. He watches familiar footage taken from a J-2 spy satellite of the night sky populated by stars and nebulae.

A hand draws.

The hand draws a second drawing of the same World as Labyrinth.

We see the asteroid belt and Jupiter, beyond which Saturn and its rings appear.

A spacecraft separates.

We see a young woman's face. Perfect features, chiseled from stone.

STORY (V.O.)

Build a Labyrinth Machine, Max.

Like Daedalus, the mythical ancient
Greek architect, inventor of the
Labyrinth and Wings . . . Wings,
Max . . . Wings . . .

Build a Place Machine . . .

Place Travel, Max.

Place Travel.

Go find Saren -- Now.

INT. DAY - SAREN MOON DINER

SAREN MOON and SLATE WILDEY, both in their mid-30s, sit opposite one another in a booth. They play chess. Saren moves the White Knight to threaten black's bishop.

Slate mulls over his next move.

THOMAS

In a way, I wonder those things
every day.

SAREN

Tell me what you wonder.

THOMAS

How I got to be like this.

SAREN

You mean, why you are Slate.

THOMAS

Yeah.

SAREN

The whole world is a mystery,
Thomas. The whole world. All pieces
of it. All of the pieces of it.
They come together to form a
puzzle. You are a piece of the
puzzle. Everyone in the world are
puzzle pieces. And somehow we all
fit together in the Jigsaw Puzzle
of Reality.

Saren opens the sliding steel door and steps out onto the terrace. Thomas follows.

Saren's long ponytail swings in the warm wind as she looks out over the lake.

STORY (V.O.)

Find the Place Machine.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY - ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, UNIVERSITY OF CAL
AWESOMES - CAL AWESOME CAMPUS - DAY

A sign reads "Administration Building". It is winter. Very cold.

DR. ZADO BLANK, a middle aged intellectual-geek type, wearing a coat and tie, stands at the window of his fourth floor office and looks out. A street sign with the word "Daedalus" appears in the frame.

He walks past a bulletin board filled with notices, one of which reads "CALLIE NORTH'S TED TALK ON THE UNIVERSE AS LABYRINTH".

The hallway is mostly empty. He is headed to the reception desk at the end of the hall.

CUT TO:



INT. DAY - TIME UNKNOWN . . . PLACE A MYSTERY

The hand draws.

The hand draws an elaborate diagram of the World as Labyrinth.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY - SAREN MOON DINER

Saren Moon slides the steel door closed and returns to her place at the table next to Thomas.

SAREN

If you want to understand your life, Thomas, you have to explore your place in the World as Labyrinth. You have to journey to the center of the Jigsaw Puzzle. You have to slay the Minotaur of invisible prison bars. Prison bars of thought . . .

STORY (V.O.)

Find the Place Machine. Find the Place Traveler.

INT. DAY - SAREN MOON DINER

SAREN

"Find the Place Machine"? What did you say? "Find the Place Traveler"?

THOMAS

I didn't say anything . . . Place Machine?

Google Map image of Goat Rock, California.

A message appears on the screen.

"INTERROGATION COMPLETE". END OF PROCEDURE.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DAY - AWESOME CAMP

















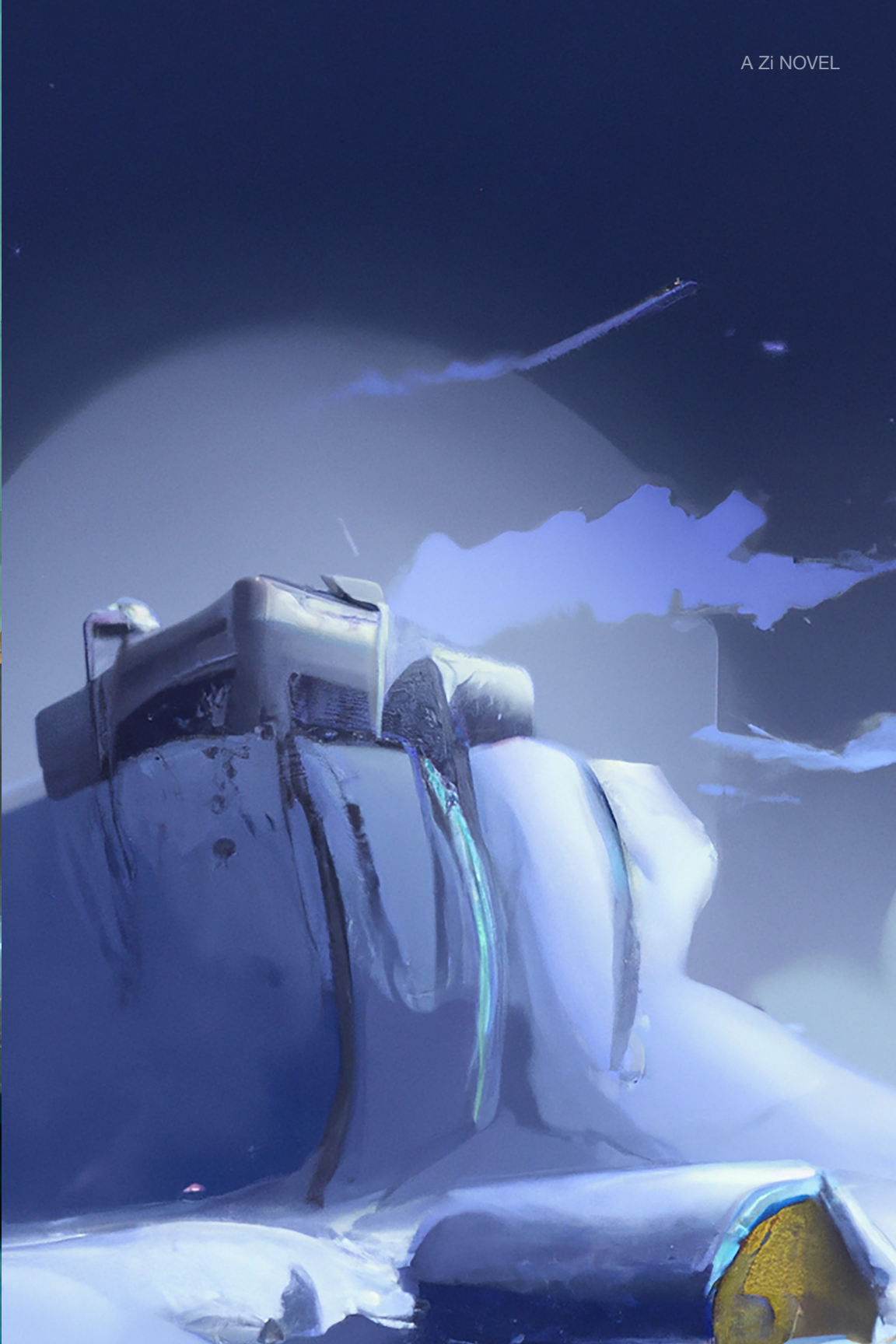








A ZI NOVEL



Winter suddenly snows an avalanche.
It blankets the Saren Moon Diner.





And all of Cretonia . . .





Turning the realm into a frozen outpost in dire need of rescue . . .



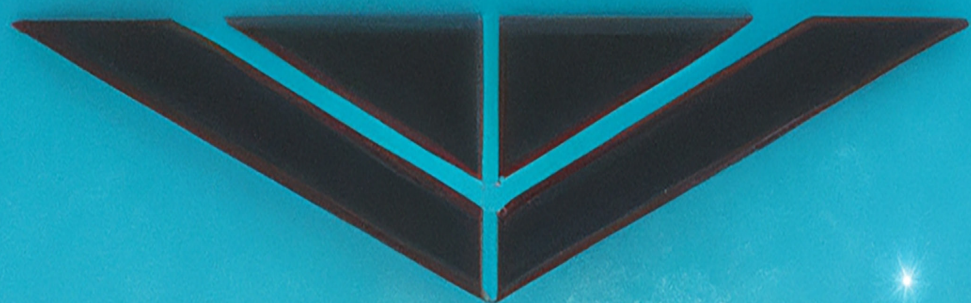


CHAPTER 5

DAEDALUS ENTERPRISES, PFT







PEPEALLALS

PALLAP

Palozicad Diienettos

Dalrsar polé afodlirs

Daedalus Enterprises, PFT, is a private research lab headquartered off the coast of northern California, between The Sea Ranch and Mendocino. The company produces ideas, material, and technology material related to the Planar-Free Theory developed by Max North.

Daedalus Enterprises, PFT, began as a pipe-dream startup. Max North's imagination run wild. Well, I wouldn't say wild. Deep.

D.E.P.T.H.--Daedalus Enterprises Planar Travel Hub.

Planar-Free Travel has never been seriously considered by mathematicians and physicists. And established religion already "knows" the answers about stuff that happens and why beyond our lives on earth. The Planar-Free Theory—PFT—suggests that the universe is like a big block of Swiss cheese. Max North also realized that we're living in a Multiverse, a collection of parallel universes that we're standing in right now, but we're not aware of it. For Max North, only limited thinking and the straight jacket of religion keeps us from seeing the obvious possibility of our immortality, journeying forever in the Grand Labyrinth designed by the Benign Rational Power of Reality. Memory is God, said the ancient Greeks. So what keeps us from remembering where we've been before our Earth Arrival Day? Why don't we remember anything from our Pre-Earth Arrival Day? And where were we? Were all of us in the same place? Or did we each arrive here in this Earth-centered Human Plane from different transit point in different planes within this complex multi-layered infinite Labyrinth of Life? Max North is the only known person in the world who has throughout his life persistently relentlessly asked these questions, questions that fuel his quest. A quest for answers, for the floor plan not of a human building, a mortal house but of the Big House. The Immortal House wherein we dwell and live and move . . . freely . . . if only we KNEW that we could.

Max North was born on Feb. 12th, 1968, in St. Louis, Missouri. His mother was Eleanora "Eleanor" Gelfand and his father, Rudolph Maximilian North. Max grew up in St. Louis, attended William Beaumont School, and graduated from Central High School with a good education in Mathematics, as well as a strong interest in history. But in his first year at Stanford, he read Ayn Rand's *The Fountainhead* and became an architect. Hardly famous but widely published, his essays and books on the theory and practice of architecture, as well as his individualistic buildings, put him on the radar of his field.

North has written over 400 articles on architecture, other visual arts, and the spirit dimension for *The Journal of the Mind*.

In his late 40s, he turned his attention to the architecture of Mind Travel. Max North developed the Planar-Free Theory (PFT) as a result of his research over a long period of time. The essential idea of PFT is that our consciousness is partitioned between earth and a non-earth environment, in which our non-earth *compos mentis* (our non-earth personality) exists. This non-earth environment must be a Planar Environment, i.e., it must be a collection of planes in a Hierarchy, just as our physical universe is a Hierarchy of Planar Systems. This non-earth environment is simply one of the planes in a Hierarchy, the Plane of our Design. And there is a Hierarchy of planes of our Design. We live in one plane at a time, but our consciousness is partitioned between earth and other planes. We are on earth, peering into the other planes of our Planar-Free Universe, while still existing in our non-earth plane of existence. We can be Here now. Then in the next moment, we can be HereAfter--visiting those who have departed earth before us. But that isn't all. There's more to Max North's vision of The Possible. The people who departed Earth can visit us. And we too can visit those whom we left behind when we departed the Place of pre-earth before they did: our HereBefore.

Through Daedalus Enterprises, Max North self-published three books that made *The New York Times* Worst Seller List: "Travel Mystery: The Consequence of Cosmic Place," "Place Travel," and "Mind Flow: The Architecture of Room Hopping."

Daedalus Enterprises, PFT--an Homage to the Wright Brothers--Planar-Free Travel started with a book. Written HereBefore: *Daedalus Now*. An old, 1920's style gold and brown brushstroke-covered hardback book with black lettering on the cover and spine. The title is printed in gold foil with black strokes. It is not a new book. It is worn, dusty, and tattered; you can feel it under your fingertips, as well as see it. This is because the book has been read over and over again, some pages are worn and tattered. The book ;ays out the history of Flight: physical and metaphysical (supraphysical) and posits a theory of their fusion to allow traveling form one dimension of existence to another, Banned by libraries until 1971, the book throws what it calls the nutty conjectures of religion out the window. The same way Einstein tossed Isaac Newton's conclusions about gravity. Newton said gravity is

a mystery. Gravity is an act of God that has no rational explanation within reach of humans. But Einstein said What If. What if that isn't true. Maybe it is. But what if it isn't. And because Einstein had the audacity to question "confirmed" "science," people could later do all kinds of things via technology once thought--pre-Einstein--impossible.

Just as we can FaceTime anyone i want anywhere in our Earth-centric world, Max North imagined the possibility that we could also FaceTime anyone beyond our Earth-centric World. But not only FaceTime them. Also PlaceTime them. Go see them. And they too go see us.

Max North's Morning Star, the first PlaceTime novel, is set in the year 2025. Everyone on Earth can go see the rest of the world, and anyone in the rest of the world can go see the Earth, using their personal electronic devices. And everyone can know what is going on there, just by looking at the digital holographic images.

Max met his first wife, Callie Jenkins, at MIT as an undergraduate in the early 1990s. There they worked together with their fellow-student Zado Blank to conjecture a world beyond this one, typically called by major religions as heaven, but a world that hade kittle to do with religion and "belief" or guesswork but an expression of the scientific order and design--the architecture--of the world.

Max and Callie were married after two years of dating. They had two children, twin daughters, Saren and Eshe. Then Callie died. The loss of his wife devastated Max, and he became depressed and eventually isolated. After a few years of living in Los Angeles trying to make ends meet as an architect, Max was able to pick up the pieces and meet a new woman, who become a good mother to Max's two daughters. At first, the relationship with his new partner was cold and unemotional, but after time became more intimate and shared a strong bond. The more time that they spent together, the more Max's bond with his new partner grew, and the better he felt. Eventually, the two got married and began a life that became full of happiness and laughter.

Max cherished the company of his wife and for years, the two lived a wonderful life. However, five years into their marriage, Max's wife was diagnosed with a terminal illness. Despite the best efforts from the medical profession, she passed away only a few months later.

Devastated by the loss, Max withdrew from society again. He struggled to find the will to move forward and return to a normal life. It took him almost three years to become reacquainted with life and start again. He was offered a contract to renovate a beautiful old house in the New York City suburbs. He decided to take it, as it would give him a fresh start in life, and allow him to get away from all the memories that were still so painful for him. While he was there, he got to know the area, the people and the local customs, and soon began to feel at home in this new city. And so it was that he met Elizabeth.

Elizabeth was a beautiful young woman with a kind and gentle nature, and she immediately took to Max. They were soon spending lots of time together, and they quickly became good friends. As they got to know each other better, they started to fall in love, and they were soon inseparable. They were truly made for each other, having both experienced pain and heartache in their pasts, and they both understood and empathized with each other. They had both suffered losses, and they would often talk about their experiences and their pain. Max's pain was worse because he had lost his wife, while Elizabeth had a very difficult time dealing with her father's passing five years before she met Max. He had been a doctor, and his work had always come first. He had worked insane hours and missed a lot of time with his daughter, and she had never forgiven him for it.

Max and Elizabeth had felt so much sadness before finding each other, and it was only natural that they should find happiness together. They were content to live simply in their own little world, but life had other plans for them. Tragedy struck again. A car collided with Elizabeth on her way to the library, and she was killed instantly.

Again, Max found himself completely devastated by the loss, and his love for her only seemed to intensify as time went on. He started to visit her graveside on a regular basis. It was the only way he could bring himself to come to terms with the fact that he would never see her again. He sought solace in the company of their friends, but no one could help him to find closure, because he was the one who was suffering most from the loss. Where are you Elizabeth? Where are you Calliope?

But that was only in Max's dream . . .

Dreaming of another life, as painful as it was, was far better than the

pain he suffered from the life he really had. He and Callie lost one of their daughters when she was 17. She drowned in the Pacific off the coast of Mendocino. Off Black Point where Max established Daedalus Enterprises. And Max and Callie were never the same. Grief drowned them in sorrow. They drifted apart Lost. Nowhere. Wanting to be anywhere but Here.

When Saren North died--departed, as Max puts it--he decided to find her. Insisting that no benign, ethical Architect would keep the floor plan from Their client that discloses Saren's new Room. As surely as Einstein proved that Gravity isn't a mystery, unsolvable, created to befuddle and frustrate or humble us by some equally mysterious, unprovable form of "God," so too Saren's new Place--and how the World's Labyrinth is designed--that isn't a mystery either. The floor plan is as surely available to us right now as the principle of flight was available to the first people to live in Sacramento some 28,000 years ago. A principle just waiting for someone to imagine then go about discovering its present always-available existence and powerful reality.

Reveries continued to dream him asleep every night . . . He saw Saren . . . The world around her was unfamiliar. Yet familiar. She was standing in a field, though not one with grass or flowers or even weeds. It was more like a golden, churning sea of sand. She heard a bell tolling in the distance. Max was in a long hallway illuminated by a single fluorescent light on the ceiling. There was a white door at the end.

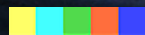
Saren, where art thou? To what Room in this Grand Labyrinth of Reality have you traveled and now reside? Beyond the veil of so-called death? I am not a pawn on the chessboard of Life. I refuse to be a pawn in a chess game played by a Chess master that treats me an everyone unfairly, keeping us in the dark about what's on the other side of the wall, the Room beyond the living room of earth and this mortal sphere. I am a Knight! And will fight! Fight till I find you, Saren. So help me Science. So help me Story. So help me, Story. Please help me. Give me a clue. Tell me what to do. Unroll Your floor plan. I know you have one, hold the Wold is laid out, including where I am now and where I was Before and where our daughter Saren has gone HereAfter.

Tell me. Show me. Help me.

DADPEAIS



DERVELEC



Saren, where art thou? To what Room in this Grand Labyrinth of Reality have you traveled and now reside? Beyond the veil of so-called death? I am not a pawn on the chessboard of Life. I refuse to be a pawn in a chess game played by a Chess Master that treats me an everyone unfairly, keeping us in the dark about what's on the other side of the wall, the Room beyond the living room of earth and this mortal sphere. I am a Knight! And will fight! Fight till I find you, Saren.

"Knights had no meaning in this game. It wasn't a game for knights."

**ARCHITECT MAX NORTH
OBSESSED NOT ABOUT THE MORTAL SPIRAL
OF TIME.**

**HE OBSESSED ABOUT THE
META-MORTAL SPIRAL OF
MEMORY...**

AND PLACE...

**MAX NORTH SET OUT TO BREAK THROUGH
THE 9TH WALL—**

**NAVIGATE THE MYSTERY OF THE COSMIC
LABYRINTH...**

AND FIND HIS DAUGHTER.





THE STORY'S ARCHITECTURE 11|24|2022 THANKSGIVING DAY, 12:50 A.M.: FIGURING IT OUT, POORLY, CONFUSED . . . GROPING IN THE DARK THROUGH THE LABYRINTH . . . This is a story about death and at the same time about death as an illusion. Max North and Calliope Jenkins were the parents of twins, Saren and Eshe. The twins drowned at sea. Grief eventually tore Max and Calliope apart. Max North, an architect, buried himself in his work. He designed and erected a memorial for the twins. Calliope descended into depression.

Max North designed the memorial for Saren and Eshe as a Transit Terminal: a place where people can go and return-- like an airport--a place based on the power of the science of Mind Travel and Technology where he could travel from to see Saren and Eshe . . . and a place where they too could return to the Here and see Max and Calliope.

Max conceived of the architecture of the World as a Grand Labyrinth comprised of labyrinth-planes of existence that we can freely visit and return to. Where we can FaceTime the people h=who left us and we left. Max North was sure that the twins now dwelled in a plane of existence where he could contact them, factetime them, and visit them--and vice versa.

Planar-Free Travel.

That's what Max North, architect, called what he conjectured was humanly possible. Now. And yet why could he not remember anything from where he was before: what Max called the HereBefore?F or obviously it's easier--wayyyyyy easier-- to knwo in our daily lives where we've been than where we will be!

Surely, them Max North conjectured, the same must be true about our meta-human existence: it must be easier to recall where we've been before our Earth Arrival Day than where we will go after of Earth Departure Day.

The Law of Memory.

That's what ax North concluded was the unalterable Reality Principle that governs us even though we don't know it--yet. Just as the principle of flight was ever-available throughout human existence for the tens of thousands of years of humanity's dwelling on Earth even though humans didn't get all lined up with the principles of flight until the Wright Brothers i 1903.And

this is a story about reality beyond our limited perception and outworn false paradigm: heaven, hell, purgatory, dust to dust, reincarnation, planet K, etc, etc, etc. . . .

This is a story about an architect's search of the truth and full disclosure--transparency--about the floor plan of our eternal indestructible identities. The Architecture of the World was, is, and always will reflect the coherent rational scientific Intelligence that mere humans would expect of a mere mortal architect: Benign. Allowing the free flow in our houses from room to room and full knowledge of the house and how it works and where we are in it and where we've been in it whether a minute ago or yesterday or last Friday night when we threw a party. Memory always powering is with full detailed recollection of our past experience in the house of our dwelling.

We can imagine what it would be like to be born into a house with no memory of the past, a baby with no notion of the me and my room, my door, my doorway, my stairs and cellar, my kitchen, my bathroom, and all the rooms beyond the rooms where I slept on the way from room to room from one end of the house to the other. And a baby with no understanding of the construction of the house or the ground-plan of the house or the fact that there are other houses in the neighborhood, or the fact that there are bigger houses, or taller buildings, or whatever. Imagining what it would be like to come into existence with no cognition of our identity as a human being or even being human at all, having no memory whatsoever of who we are or where we are or what's happened to us before our birth or before we "arrived" on this planet. No sense of past, present, future. But we are not babies! We are not allowed to be kept in the dark when we hire an architect to design a house for us. We are allowed and expected to know anything and everything we want to know about the house, and it's mandatory that the architect tells us, show us, reveal all! And not ambiguously, nebulously, but crystal clearly, and fully and with razor sharp total precision and vivid detail from the make and model and color and texture of the tile in the shower to the exact number and color and manufactures of the light switch plates and paint. And we have a right to know!

We have a right to know everything about that house, the House we live in, of which Earth Universe is but one of the Rooms. We have a right to

now not only everything about the Room we're in but also about all the other Rooms we've been in and will be in. Just like a house on Earth: the number of bedrooms and bathrooms, the number of windows in each room, the size and location of the garage, the current price per square foot of floor space, the square footage of the living room, family room, master bedroom, basement. To top it off, we can have a virtual tour of that house, with the ability to interact with features and view them from any angle. We can even buy that house on the spot, right from our computer, with a click of a button. And all before ever stepping foot in the house, let alone laying eyes on it.

So why can't we know anything about the house of life? Why can't we learn all the details of our existence before we arrive here? Why can't we understand how our house of life was constructed, or the overall design of it, or what's beyond our own house and neighborhood, or even beyond . . .

That's what this story is about: breaking into the light of Knowledge and Truth about where we're going and where we were. Twins dies. A husband dies. A woman remarries. Father and daughter design and construct a placeship to go find their "dead" daughter/sister. And now, one courageous father and daughter team have embarked on a daring journey - a quest to find their "dead" sister, whom they believe to still be alive, somewhere far beyond the confines of their own house. Their mission is to find her and bring her back, using the most advanced technology and knowing that all of the mysteries of the universe lay before them, waiting to be discovered. As they journey through the stars, they begin to unravel the mysteries of life and death. They discover that there is far more to our existence than meets the eye - that there are realms beyond this earthly plane, and that death is not the end, but merely a new beginning.

Slowly but surely, as they unravel these secrets, they begin to understand the true purpose of their lives, and the incredible journey they are on. They learn that they were never meant to be mere passengers in the house of life - but rather, architects, builders, and creators of their own destiny.

Calliope was married to architect Eli Roland Richards, aka ER or ERR. In the HereBefore Earth World. Earth World = everything that transpires within the arena of our current mortal existence: from molecular

and sub-atomic levels of matter to the mega-astrophysical realms beyond our solar system to the physics of space and time, time travel forward and backward, and anything else that we can frame as part of our perceptions and conclusions and conjectures about the physical world that relates to our presence here in a universe that started or perhaps started by the Big Bang. So investigations into consciousness and dimensions beyond the physical that we perceive, such as the spiritual, all of that happens in what Max North calls the Here of the Earth World.

To be clear, the Here of the Earth World includes any time travel within the space-time continuum of this specific Earth Universe in which we find ourselves and seek to explore and grasp its architecture, whether time travel by Earthlings or by other people or species of life within this Earth Universe.

North's drawings show the Earth World, aka the Earth Universe--the Here--as a sphere. Picture a basketball. But, Max North contends, Reality has many basketballs. And none of them are what traditional religion calls heaven or hell. Those two theoretical places exist either within the basketball--the narrowly circumscribed arena--of Earth Universe or heave and hell are each a separate basketball, adding up to three total basketballs: Earth Universe, Heaven, Hell. Max North doesn't think that's the architecture of the World, the floor plan of reality. He conjectures that the Total Universe isn't a single basketball which includes heaven and hell nor is the Total Universe 3 basketballs: Earth, Heaven, and Hell. North perceives a Principle that organizes the Total Universe not into fairy tales of two final destinations, Heaven and Hell, but a Total Universe based on rational science. And rational science, North maintains, would unlikely reduce the Total Universe to a single basketball or two or three but to countless orbs, an infinite population of spheres of existence. Max North calls these spheres of existence, of which Earth World and all that it comprises is but a single one, Planes of Existence. Each PoE is in its own right a labyrinth, providing endless encounters with knowledge and trials and unlimited potential for triumphs, breakthroughs, insights, clarity.

Religion, as far as Max North knows, says we can't go freely from one PoE--Plane of Existence--to another. In other words, says religion, people

who “die” on Earth cannot contact us nor can we contact them let alone can they come visit us and we go visit them. Many religions, as far as Max North knows, say that we started here and there was no HereBefore we were born into this mortal existence, into this Earth Universe, so there’s nothing for us to remember. Other religions say that there was no Before here and when we “die,” there will be no HereAfter: dust to dust--because life is 100% material, physical. Some religions, as far as Max North grasps, conjecture that we reincarnate: we return to this Earth in another form over and over again.

And Science? What does Science say about the lifeline of our existence?

Max North says that as far as he knows, Science doesn’t seriously consider that there is a Total Universe, of which Earth Universe is simply one of many ____ (fill in the blank) Universes. Science conjectures about many dimensions but only dimensions that exist within the circumscribed by the arena of space and time and matter and organizational structure, however complex and multi-dimensional, bounded by the Here of Earth Universe. But as far as Max North is concerned, unless conjectures about the architecture of the Total Universe takes into account where we have been before we found ourselves Here, earthlings in this Earth Universe, and therefore takes into account Memory, then the conjectures about the Total Universe fall short of adequately defining our lives, our past lives, past Universes where we’ve worked and played and loved and explored and created and maybe fought and sought in vain to know what the F is going in in this chess game where we’re kept in the dark, neither entitled to know for some merciless reason where we’ve been, who we’ve known, and who we truly are . . . let alone where we’re going after our short stay here in the prison cell of Earth Universe.

Max North speculates that there is a Total Universe, of which Earth Universe is one of many Universes. He believes that in order to fully understand our lives, we must take into account memory, which suggests that we have lived other lives and explored other Universes. However, he acknowledges that scientific theories about the architecture of the Total Universe often fail to account for memory and other metaphysical concepts, and therefore fall short of truly defining our existence.

Max North would say that the Total Universe is the sum of all Universes, and that these Universes are comprised of both the material

and immaterial aspects of the Universe. The material aspects of the Universe include things like space, time, matter, and energy, while the immaterial aspects include things like memory, emotion, and consciousness. Max believes that neither science doesn't currently offer a satisfactory explanation for the immaterial aspects of the Universe, aspects that he believes are just as important as the material aspects.

But North he thinks religion misses the mark too: While many religions do encourage people to trust in a spiritual reality that's built into or at least accessible within the structure of Earth World, religion, for the most part, fails to accurately perceive the governing Principle of spiritual reality, a reality that has nothing to do with heaven or hell or reincarnation or some fairy tale afterlife or Earth-bound identity-impermanent BeforeLife.

And Max North knows even more surely that nobody wants to hear what he thinks and sees. Because the mentality of Zado rules the Earth World. North vs Zado = David vs Goliath. But then David did win. So maybe North thinking can someday somehow gain the upper hand over Zado non-thinking, guesswork, certainty about the Architecture of the Total Universe in the face of zero scientific evidence-based proof to back up such misguided certainty. Maybe North Perception and Openness to the Architecture of the Total Universe's True Form and Story will one day empower scientists and thought explorers to draw the Floor Plan, no hooey or religious baloney allowed.

But Maybe Not.

Because the mere fact that Max North finds himself in the architecture of a chess game that he doesn't understand, can only ask questions, rant and rage about the nonsense of it all, the buffoonery of operating this way, tapping out paragraphs of conjectures to figure out the Floor Plan of the Earth Universe let alone the Total Universe-Undisclosed, Concealed, us being treated like by the Total Universe Architect like children, told to be seen but not heard, to just go along with it all, treated like prisoners, disqualified from getting a look at the Floor Plan of the House of Earth World in which we live and move

and dwell . . . !!!!!

All alone.

Max North the Questioner.

Rejector of inherited concepts unless proven true. Unless Scientifically Valid.

Max North the Griever.

Wondering how he himself serves his clients benignly, openly, transparently--rolling out the floor plans for his clients' houses in exacting non-mysterious detail--but the Architect of North's life, of everyone's lives, that supreme Architect leaves Max guessing . . .

It's a sad setup, to say the least, enough to make an honest seeker of truth feel kind of daunted by the quest to get some answers to basic questions. And answers Max North is determined to get. Come hell or high water..

And Max North nows this: the secret of getting answers to the basic questions. Asking.

Because what keeps us from answers, Max North knows--Max North architect-scientist thought-explorer, modern day Daedalus hoping to fly free from a prison tower of his own construction trapped in the heart of labyrinth where roams and rules the Minotaur of ignorance that seeks to enslave us and destroy us, devour us--is our inability to believe that we have that right. The right to know! Max North refuses to go gentle into that not so good night. He rages against the absent dawning of the light. Max North asks the Architect of the Total Universe to tell Their client Max North what's going on!!!!

Where's Saren???

Where's Eshe?

Who did I know where I was before Earth World? How come I can't remember?!

What kind of Joint are you running here, Buddy????!

Max North's not buying this bullshit any more.

No way.

He demands to see and hear from the Great Architect in person, face to face. Max knows this is possible and demands it. He

knows They can answer his questions. But They're not doing so. And why is that? It doesn't make sense.

Max North needs to find a new strategy for getting answers. The previous one clearly isn't working. And Max North's not about to give up, no way. Not on his life. He's going to keep fighting, keep asking.

Max North is going to find a way.

He just has to keep asking.

The stakes are way to high.

Life and Death high.

Possibly, Eternity high.

**Story Thought Fragments | 11.29.2022 MAX NORTH OBSESSED
NOT ABOUT THE MYSTERY OF TIME . . . BUT ABOUT THE
MYSTERY OF PLACE**

Max North is a man in trouble. Life sucks. He's lost at love. Sure, he's won at love too, plenty of times, more than most men probably, and he's grateful, but along with love came enough heartbreak to level the scale. He's struck out in work. Great gigs. And he's performed at the highest levels, possessed of a coat of many colors. But truly successful only on his own, leading a self-directed creative life, beyond the reach of institutional corruption and the nasty office politics of academia, a target beyond the range of professional envy. He's got no money. Well, enough to live on in his first world country of privilege and abundance for the rest of his life barring a total market crash, enough to play golf every day and enjoy a life of leisure, but he doesn't play golf and he's not programmed for leisure. He's programmed for work. Because for Max North, like Kahil Gilbran said, "Work is love made visible." But not enough money to design and build a house for himself—his lifelong dream since he started studying architecture at Princeton more years ago than he cares to count. He's working on a screenplay for a movie called Z.E.R.O. about "What if you woke up one day and found an extra zero at the end of your bank account. What a difference 'nothing' can make," and we see the beginning of his story not knowing it's his imagination we're viewing not "reality."

Dreams, flashbacks, recollections of a murky but self-destructive past, too often playing the role of his own worst enemy, pepper Max's waking and sleeping house, often lying in bed for hours in a semi-trance between sleep and awake . . . We live inside the screenwriter's imagination unsure what's real, what's Max North's actual life. Inside a story about a man with no money to fulfill his dreams . . . but a story that's really about a man whose dreams are worth their weight in gold.

A tragic fall from grace took him down. And ever since he has both paid the price and bounced back.

But he dwells in a chronic state of cosmic angst, always has,

always will, bummed not knowing where's he's been, not knowing where's he's going. Zero memory of his past. Zero clarity about his future. But he isn't interested in time travel, neither to the past or to the travel. That's not what preoccupies him. That isn't the door that Max North keeps knocking on, hoping for a glimmer of light to pass through the keyhole. No. Plenty of people, scientists and science fictionists, are knocking on that door. They got that base covered. Max North wants to know about the past and the future. He wants to remember his past and know where's he going in a different way: Max North wants to know what happened in his past before he was born. *Max North wants to know where he was before his EAD, his Earth Arrival Day. And where he will go after his EDD, his Earth Departure Day.*

Max North isn't interested in Earth-centric history, it's past and future and the potential of science to break the barriers of Time.

Max North is interested in pre-Earth and post-Earth Place. Not Time.

Place!

He wants to *remember* where he was and what he did and who he knew. He wants total recall. And he wants to know not only what Room he was in before his current Earth experience, he also wants to know what Room he will enter after his current Earth experience.

Max North wants no less than to see the Meta-Cosmic Floor Plan of Place. The layout of the Rooms where we've been and Rooms where we'll go in the House of Reality.

Max North wants a jailbreak.

From the prison cell of Ignorance!

Religious Guesswork and Scientific Myopia!

False Paradigms and Inherited Assumptions!

Like Daedalus, who found himself trapped in a prison tower of his own construction in a labyrinth that he also designed and built where roamed the Minotaur-devourer of confusion and blindness and guesswork and darkness—Dogma and Ignorance!—Max North wants to break free! And live free! Unfettered by Illusions and False Limits. He wants to know where's he's been and where he's going!

He wants to jump from the Prison Tower of Thought with Wings of Radical Individualistic Zero-Inherited Thinking and Fly!

Max North wants to pick the lock of the World's Greatest Mystery: Where are we, where were we, and where are we going?!

What is the floor plan that unifies and undergirds our endless individual unique journey? What is the route along which we trek through the Grand Labyrinth. What is the Blueprint of the Grand Architecture of the World?

Those are Max North's lifelong questions. Those are the questions that fuel his daunting quest.

And when tragedy struck, Max North doubled down. When his child drowned, Max North drowned—in despair, grief, and unbearable emotional pain. Like Luke Skywalker, called to his epic adventure and destiny after the murder of his aunt and uncle, Max North wanted to get even and avenge his daughter's death by finding her!

As in the ancient Greek myth of the Labyrinth, Max North, with the eternal and ever-available universal sword and shield of Theseus in hand, traversed the Labyrinth of fear and doubt and hopelessness with courage, faith, hope. He carried with him too the thread of clarity that the Labyrinth's architect, Daedalus, spun for Ariadne that she in turn gave to Theseus so he could wind his way back though the Labyrinth after slaying the Minotaur.

The thread of the hero-path of all those people who have successfully traversed before him through the Labyrinth of human enigma and adversity. The thread of the golden reminder that a benign power inspired his quest and will fulfill his quest, guide and guard him every halting treacherous step along his superhuman journey.

"Max," the Voice say through the fog, when MAX forgets, "If it isn't well, it isn't the end. Your daughter lives. And you will find her."

"You will slay the Minotaur of Ignorance and set others free too. You will give them Wings. But beware your Enemy. Beware Zado. The Zado mentality will crucify you and seek, Minotaur-like, to destroy you. But you do not journey alone."

Max North already had a strong intuitive sense of how the architecture of our lives works. The ancient Greeks saw clearly: Life is a Labyrinth. Literally and figuratively. Metaphorically and scientifically. But we need proof. And we need a way to unplug the matrix of illusion and ambiguity and nebulous thinking (layers and layers of what other people say, guess, conjecture, and are “certain” about) to break through to the light. We’re all enrolled in Adversity University, and nobody graduates. We just keep taking one course after another, hoping to pass and move on more confidently and safely, learning that we have a right to know how this Chess Game works. Max North feels that we have a right to know. And know for sure. Where do the people that leave us behind go? And where are the people that we left behind? And countless other questions that go along with these two basic ones—for example, when we leave Here, do we all go to the same HereAfter? And do we all arrive Here from the same HereBefore?

And what will it take to rise from our slumber and remember where we’ve been? Just as surely as we remember where we were yesterday and in vivid detail.

How do we reach the people who may be grieving in our HereBefore because of our “death” and transit to this Here to assure them that we are not dead? But alive. And remember them. And are making plans to go visit them.

Questions. Questions. Questions.

But No Answers.

This cosmic befuddlement stuck like a grain of sand in the oyster of Max North’s soul and mind. Maybe someday the irritating grand of sand would turn into a pearl.

“Max,” he hears the Voice say through the fog, when he forgets, “If it isn’t well, it isn’t the end. You live. So she will find you.”



The people who have departed—we
remember them, but do they remember us?

And what about the people we left behind
when we departed the HereBefore?

If only we could FaceTime them . . .

If only they could FaceTime us . . .

Or better yet, go see them . . .

What if by some advanced paranormal
technology we could?

Is somebody Here or There working on it?
At least trying?

Where is everyone?

Where were we, and where are we going?





M.A.R.S. | CALL ME DAEDALUS









M.A.R.S. | CALL ME DAEDALUS





M.A.R.S. | CALL ME DAEDALUS





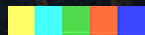
CHAPTER 6

ZADO BLANK



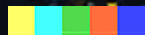


A ZI NOVEL



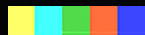


A ZI NOVEL



Dr. Zado Blank stands at the window of his office. He surveys the Los Angeles scene like a hawk. It's winter. Bleak. Tangled traffic. He sees nothing with hope in it.





Winter suddenly snows an avalanche. It blankets the Saren Moon Diner.

Dr. Zado Blank stands at the window of his office. He surveys the Los Angeles scene like a hawk. It's winter. Bleak. Tangled traffic. He sees nothing with hope in it. Two kids pass the window in the street below. They stare at the huge Dr. Zado Blank silhouette on the window pane. They exchange glances, like, "What a weird-looking dude." They laugh. The telephone on Zado's desk rings. He picks it up. "Hello?" "Doctor Blank," says the voice. "Yes?" "Blank," repeats the voice. "I get it." "Lift your head." Zado looks up. On the ceiling is a picture of himself: Zado Blank. "Yes?" Zado says into the phone. "Blank," says the voice. "Yes, yes, I get it." "Lift your head." Alpha Quest 1 hovers in the cold gray sky.

A sign reads "Administration Building". It is winter. Very cold. DR. ZADO BLANK, a middle aged intellectual-geek type, wearing a coat and tie, stands at the window of his fourth floor office and looks out. A street sign with the word "Daedalus" appears in the frame. Dr. Zado Blank's office is built out of a series of cubes. Blank sits at his desk with his feet up. He looks bored. His gaze drifts around the room, past a picture of an electric train to the framed photo of a beautiful, curly haired woman with her two little boys. He reads the back of a manila envelope, "THE LABYRINTH OF TIME."

His eye falls on a framed photo of a sculpture of a man looking out from the wall. Blank looks at this photo for a long time. His hair is graying. His eyes are tired. He looks much older than he did in the earlier scenes. He closes the envelope and starts to feed it into a shredder. The phone rings. The photo is still in his hand. His fingers start to loosen their grip. The envelope lands softly in the shredder.

The photo lands face down.

BLANK: Dr. Blank exits his office. He walks past a bulletin board filled with notices, one of which reads "CALLIE JENKIN'S TED TALK ON THE UNIVERSE AS LABYRINTH."

The hallway is mostly empty. He is headed to the reception desk at the end of the hall. A plaque on the wall reads: "Daedalus Enterprises | PFT" Blanks goes in. A redhead receptionist wearing glasses and a sexy black dress, looks up at him as he passes her desk. DR. ZADO BLANK: "Hello,

Ginger.” GINGER: “Hey, Dr. Blank.

”DR. ZADO BLANK: “How are we today?” GINGER: “Okay.”DR. ZADO BLANK: “Not too much excitement, I hope.” A framed picture of a mother, father, and daughter on a picnic hangs on the wall. A poster of the movie *Arrival* hangs on the wall. Where the company logo would be there is a picture of what appears to be a young attractive woman with a small dog at her feet. Text reads: “Daedalus Technologies. For the Good that Will Come” A sign reads “Administration Building. Guest pass only.” There are cubicles and desks and people wearing headsets. He sees Callie Jenkins.

DR. ZADO BLANK: “Hello, Callie.”CALLIE JENKINS: “Hello, Dr. Blank.”He is a little nervous. There is a pause.DR. ZADO BLANK: “So, how are you?”CALLIE JENKINS: “I’m fine, thank you.”R. ZADO BLANK: “A little anxious about today?”CALLIE JENKINS: “Oh, a little bit. It was a great honor to be asked to do this, of course. It’s just, um... I haven’t done much public speaking.”DR. ZADO BLANK: “Oh, Callie.”

There is a pause. ”I’m curious . . . what is all this I’m hearing about your aviator ex-husband’s Place Machine?””Ex-Boyfriend,” says Callie Jenkins.”Or Place Ship, I think he also calls it? PFT?”Planar-Free Travel. DR. ZADO BLANK: “It’s just—I’m curious. If that’s all right. I mean, if you don’t want to talk about it.”“No, it’s okay,” says Callie. “It’s just...there’s a lot going on. You know.”“Yes. Of course,” nods Blank. “I understand.”He manages an awkward smile.”But let me ask you this,” says Blank. “What do you think about it? I mean, do you think it works? Physically. In a scientific way? I mean, do you think it’s possible?””I’m not sure I know what you mean,” says Callie. “What I know is this. It works.”She says this quietly.”What I mean is,” says Blank, “do you think his PFT works. As a machine. As a piece of technology. So that, you know, you can get into it and travel from place to place correctly, within the laws of physics. And in an efficient and reliable fashion?”“Without me having to say any more,” says Callie, her voice even quieter, “I think you already know the answer to that question, Dr. Blank.””The question is, who knows that machine is real? And who knows about it? And who knows about it who isn’t supposed to know about it?”

Callie refrains from telling envious no-good Dr. Blank, aka Zado, the

whole truth. She knows the cruel story about the Wright Brothers, how inventing the airplane was a lot easier compared to facing the hostility, envy, and attempted theft by their adversaries in high places. Took decades for Orville and Wilbur to prevail and garner the honor they were justly due. No way Callie Jenkins was gonna spill the beans to Dr. Zado. Let him guess. The profound reality of the PFT's purpose, well, that's womthign the anti-idealist materialist Zado could never grasp, more likely to seek to destroy it than celebrate it. Zado the destroyer.

Zado the Destroyer.

DR. ZADO BLANK: "Okay, Callie. Thank you." CALLIE JENKINS: "I've got to get back to work." They look at each other for a long moment. Blank looks sad. Callie looks away. Zado puts his hand on her arm. The moment passes. A woman's voice over the PA system reads the following: "Will Dr. Zado Blank please report to the fourth floor lobby offices? Dr. Zado Blank. If you are not Dr. Zado Blank please disregard this message." People at their desks are starting to look up and listen to the PA. Zado Blank is ambling down a long hall towards the elevator. He stops, looks down at a trash barrel. He picks through the trash. Zado goes way back. Always finds a way to return . . .

The elevator opens. He enters the elevator and presses the button for the fourth floor. He adjusts his tie. The elevator opens and Blank enters a room labeled "Offices." It is a large cubicle farm with closed-circuit TV monitors on the walls and a large conference room with a long table. Blank sees his ex-wife, Miriam, and his ex-son-in-law, David, heading towards him. DR. ZADO BLANK: "Hello, Miriam. Hello, David." MIRIAM: "Hello, Dr. Blank." DAVID: "Hi, Dr. Blank." DR. ZADO BLANK: "So, how's the ship coming?" DAVID: "Fine, thanks." MIRIAM: "We were just looking at the brochure for Planar-Free Travel." "Planar-Free Travel," confirms David. MIRIAM: "They sent us brochures." DAVID: "It's an educational brochure." DR. ZADO BLANK: "Ahh." MIRIAM: "It's very nice." DAVID: "Yeah, we can go for a test ride." MIRIAM: "What is that?" DAVID: "Mm?" MIRIAM: "That?" DR. ZADO BLANK: "Oh. It's a little..." DAVID: "It's what it says it is." DR. ZADO BLANK: "Right." There is a pause. As the elevator door opens on the fourth floor, David and Miriam walk

out into the lobby. Blank looks behind him. He starts to get into the elevator, then changes his mind and walks back down the hallway and out the double doors. The old woman does not answer. She sits alone and still.

"Planar-Free Travel," confirms David. MIRIAM: "They sent us brochures." DAVID: "It's an educational brochure." DR. ZADO BLANK: "Ahh." MIRIAM: "It's very nice." DAVID: "Yeah, we can go for a test ride." MIRIAM: "What is that?" DAVID: "Mm?" MIRIAM: "That?" DR. ZADO BLANK: "Oh. It's a little..." DAVID: "It's what it says it is." DR. ZADO BLANK: "Right." There is a pause. for the 10 millionth time, David. "I was just thinking," says David, "as I was looking at the brochure, how cool it would be to go to Mars." "Oh, yeah," says Miriam, "I know, right?" "You're telling me," says Zado Blank. "I would love to go to Mars." "You want to go Mars bad," says David. "Mars," David says, "or Saturn. Or even the moon." "Mercury," says Zado. "Jupiter," says David. MIRIAM: "Oh, the moon would be great." "Saturn would be wonderful," says Miriam. "I love Saturn."

Callie turns her back on Zado, scurries off with a nervous tremor of anticipation and excitement. Will the PFT be ready in time? It must! Keep pushing to get it functional. "Nobody here but us chickens," she mutters under her breath, a subtle jab at Zado. She can hardly wait to see the PFT in action, to test it out, to watch it work its magic, to dissolve the barriers that separate humans from each other and from the sublime, to free people from the tyranny of materialist dogma, to help them acknowledge their true nature, to enable them to transcend physical limitations and limitations of spirit, to free them from their deluded human nature...

Callie pins Zado to a wall in his office, accusing him of secretly sabotaging the PFT.

CALLIE (angry): Tell me about the PFT! Why have you delayed its launch?
ZADO: I haven't delayed anything. The PFT is not operational due to your own negligence.

CALLIE (infuriated): My alleged deficiencies? I've been busting my butt for weeks, working night and day, doing everything possible to get the PFT running, and all this time you've been deliberately stonewalling me, doing everything possible to stall.

ZADO: That's absolutely not true. I have been cooperating with you as best I can.

CALLIE: What have you done?

ZADO: The technical requirements of the PFT are quite rigorous. Your personnel, both in programming and hardware, have not been up to the challenge. You've done a poor job of training and supervising them.

CALLIE: And you've done nothing to help them?

ZADO: I have always attempted to provide whatever assistance I could.

CALLIE: I don't believe you.

ZADO: These things take time. If you pressed more aggressively, people might get hurt.

CALLIE: This is all your fault! You've gone to great lengths to sabotage my work.

ZADO: That's preposterous. I would never sabotage anything.

CALLIE: Oh, really? Then why have I been having problems with the security system for months?

ZADO: Because that's not my department. I'm in marketing. You'll have to talk to Wilson over in IT.

Callie is furious and accuses Zado of deliberately stalling the launch of the PFT. She believes he has sabotaged the project by messing with the security system, which she has been having problems with for months. Zado denies that he has delayed anything, insisting that the PFT is not operational due to Callie's own negligence. He argues that she should talk to someone in IT, not him, since he is in marketing. Callie was right to be suspicious of Zado. Despite his assurances that he has done nothing to sabotage the PFT, it is clear that he has been deliberately stalling its launch. He has been interfering with the security system and may have also been actively sabotaging other aspects of the project. Callie should report Zado's behavior to her superiors so that they can investigate further and take action against him if necessary.

Callie and Zado go back to school days at MIT. Before Callie met Max . . .

Zado and Callie are strolling across the campus of MIT. Zado is wearing a thick, cream-colored sweater, blue jeans, and a black baseball cap.

He looks like one of those guy you'd see waiting in line for an iPhone. Callie is wearing a sleeveless summer dress, a white hat, scarf, and sunglasses. From across the room, Zado catches her eye, mouth open in a smile, one hand raised in a wave. He's so handsome in his lab coat. It's his old chemistry lab uniform, the white coat falling to his calves, his chest bare underneath, his shirt unbuttoned a few buttons, showing off his thick neck. A white coat covers his torso, his shirt unbuttoned, his chest bare. He wears a pair of black pants, covered in a white lab coat, the sleeves folded back. Zado's broad shoulders and big arms intimidate, but she likes that. The two of them saunter around the campus, cutting through the paths and clashing their shoe soles on the concrete. The campus was beautiful and dazzling, sunny and clean. Students streamed across the grounds, the trees swayed in the wind and the breeze fluttered through the air. But then things change because of Max.

Callie sees Max coming toward them, but as he approaches, her stomach drops. She's never told Zado about her complicated past with Max and she's not sure if she wants to. But she has no choice. Max is wearing a black button-down shirt, the top two buttons undone, revealing the strong contours of his chest. His dark hair is styled in that messy, just-got-out-of-bed way, the hair covering his ears and curling up slightly into his collar. He strides confidently over to Callie. Zado looks at him warily, his sights blazing on Max's intimidating physique.

Callie hesitates for a moment, torn between her two squabbling lovers. But the decision is clear. Her heart will always beat for Max. Not for Zado. Only a friend. "Hi," she says hesitantly. "Max, this is my friend Zado. Zado, this is Max." Zado holds out his hand, and Max shakes it firmly. "Nice to meet you," Max says. He smiles, flashing his imperfect but naturally pleasing quasi-white teeth. "Callie's told me so much about you." Zado laughs, but there's an edge of tension in the air. His eyes seem to blaze with anger and jealousy. He wants Callie more than anything - more than her friendship, more than her charming smile. But he can't have her. It's not meant to be.

"Well, I better get back to class," Callie says, her voice quivering slightly. She peels her gaze away from Max and looks over at Zado. "See you

later?” Zado nods, looking at her with desperate, longing eyes. “Sure. See you later.”

And that’s when and where the knightbulb of place travel occurred to the trio, trapped in a love triangle that would turn to hate by Zado. As he watches Callie walk away, Zado feels a twisting in his gut. His body is filled with an almost unbearable sense of longing and desire, a need to be near Callie, to touch her and hold her and make her his. And he knows that Max is feeling the same way. He can see it in the way Max’s eyes follow Callie’s every move, glancing at her every so often with a look of pure, unbridled longing. But the three of them are locked in a bizarre love triangle, a battle for Callie’s attention and affection. And their rivalry will only intensify as the days go on, creating a tension that threatens to tear them all apart.

The night of the place travel, the trio is lying on the floor together, staring up at the stars through the skylight. Zado is thinking about all the times he’s seen this place before, in his dreams and fantasies of the future. His mind is racing with thoughts of chasing after Callie, of making her his and winning the battle for her heart. And he can tell that Max feels the same way. But suddenly, a bright light shines down on them, startling Callie and causing her to cry out. They all sit up, looking around in confusion, wondering what’s going on. And then they see a knightbulb floating down toward them, blinking in the dark night sky. “Place travel!” the knightbulb shouts. “You have been chosen for place travel. Destination: your wildest dreams and deepest desires. Destination: lost love found. More will be revealed . . .”

Zado has never shaken his haunted memories of his past with Callie and Max. But Zado was always skeptical of the science and technology required to place travel beyond the here and now. Place-Free Travel beyond the Here of this mortal sphere? Really??? No Way. Zado doesn’t buy Max North’s view that our perception of reality is blind. Reality is a limited sphere of perception defined by constraints defined by the Big Bang and earth time past and future. So place travel to the HereBefore--the HereBefores--and to the HereAfter--HereAfters--is possible, has always been possible, and there is a way to do it. Zado doesn’t believe it’s possible to place travel to the HereBefore--the HereBefores--and to the HereAfter--

-HereAfters--to all the places where each of us has been before we arrived on earth and where we will go afterward . . . forever . . . always moving . . . always journeying from one plane of existence to another. Hoosey! Zado says the science is incorrect and there is no technology that people could ever create to make place travel to our lives before earth and to visit people in their live after earth. Zado believes there is no place called the HereBefore or HereAfter. If there was, and if it was possible to travel there to visit a past life and to talk to loved ones after death, he'd go there. But if there is no evidence for a HereBefore or HereAfter, and if it is possible to develop the technology to place travel, then the HereBefore and HereAfter in the Here of this mortal sphere are myths and legends created by fiction writers--Homer and Virgil and the others--who wrote their legendary stories before the birth of Christ.

Zado stands at the edge of the river, contemplating the trees on the far bank. If there really is another world, where souls live on after death, he sometimes wishes he could go there and talk to his wife and son. But what if there is no HereAfter? What if he just imagined some kind of man-made afterworld full of memories and debriefings? If there's nothing at all waiting for him afterward, why would he want to go there? Where does the soul go after death? He doesn't need to know . . . just as long as he stops Max North.

Zado has done everything in his power to stop Max North and his brave venture, Daedalus Enterprises, PFT. But it isn't because of science and technology that Zado has set as his life's mission the disruption of Place-Free Travel but because of love--unrequited love. Is there any more powerful force in the universe? Other than love itself? Any more self-destructive painful sad force in the universe than unrequited love?

Especially if cocktailed with jealousy and envy.







An abstract painting featuring a vertical wooden post on the left side, with horizontal planks or layers of paint in various colors (red, orange, yellow, blue, green) extending from it. The background is dark and textured.

A ZI NOVEL

CALL ME DAEDALUS **MERCEDES**

PART 2: CALIOPE



M.A.R.S. | CALL ME DAEDALUS

CHAPTER 7

Brain Force I

FOR REFERENCE: EXCERPT FROM MY BOOK *LIVE BRAVE*
pp 177-179 (minor revision for clarity)

Irish poet John Anster said, “Whatever you can do, or dream you can, begin it. Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.”

I have no clue what to do to “begin it,” how to take the first step toward making what I dream a reality, other than to wait.

But maybe dreams themselves have “genius, power, and magic” in them and can get the ball rolling. Doesn’t every breakthrough start with a dream? A dream of freedom that we haven’t yet found a way to achieve? A jail break of the mind from the prison cell of hand-me-down false assumptions and set-in-stone misconceptions?

W. H. Murray dreamed about mountains, wondering if a small troupe could mount an expedition to scale the Himalayas. Einstein dreamed about gravity, wondering if Newton was wrong—maybe gravity isn’t a mystery: God hasn’t, in fact, withheld from our human comprehension a full and detailed grasp of gravity. Eddy dreamed about spiritual healing, wondering what it would take for us to heal the way Jesus healed and taught his disciples to heal because he said we could. Elon Musk dreams about Mars, wondering if it’s possible to colonize the Red Planet.

I dream about the divine Architecture. I wonder, What if the Floor Plan of Reality isn’t a mystery—the divine Architect hasn’t, in fact, withheld from our human comprehension a full and detailed grasp of the Layout of the Building in which we dwell?

What if we can move freely from one Room to another throughout the House of Life? What if we can Facetime people who have passed on and now find themselves in another Room? What if only a stubborn illusion makes us think we can't?

Until recently, you couldn't even talk to somebody on the other side of the globe, let alone see them too. But maybe some guy in a London pub in 1630 wondered aloud to his drinking buddy, "I really miss Betty. I hope she likes Boston. I wish there was a way I could talk to her, hear her voice . . . I wonder if there's a way to do that, you know, sit here and talk to people on the other side of the Atlantic? Do you think it's possible?" Yes. He just didn't know it. We had to wait for Alexander Graham Bell to come along, in 1876, and figure out how.

I know that every Quest begins with a Question, but I might just be the guy in a London pub. I don't know what more to do at this point than Dream Brave, Wonder Brave, and rely on Spirit [divine Love, what Joseph Campbell calls a benign power everywhere supporting us]—who inspires our work, our love, our dreams, our imagination, creativity, and conjectures, our questions and our quest—to lead the way.

And trust the "magic" of Providence.

[And now, five years later, write *Call Me Daedalus*. And fold that London pub chat into a scene in the book.]





A ZI NOVEL

CALL ME DAEDALUS
M.A.R.S.

PART 3: SAREN



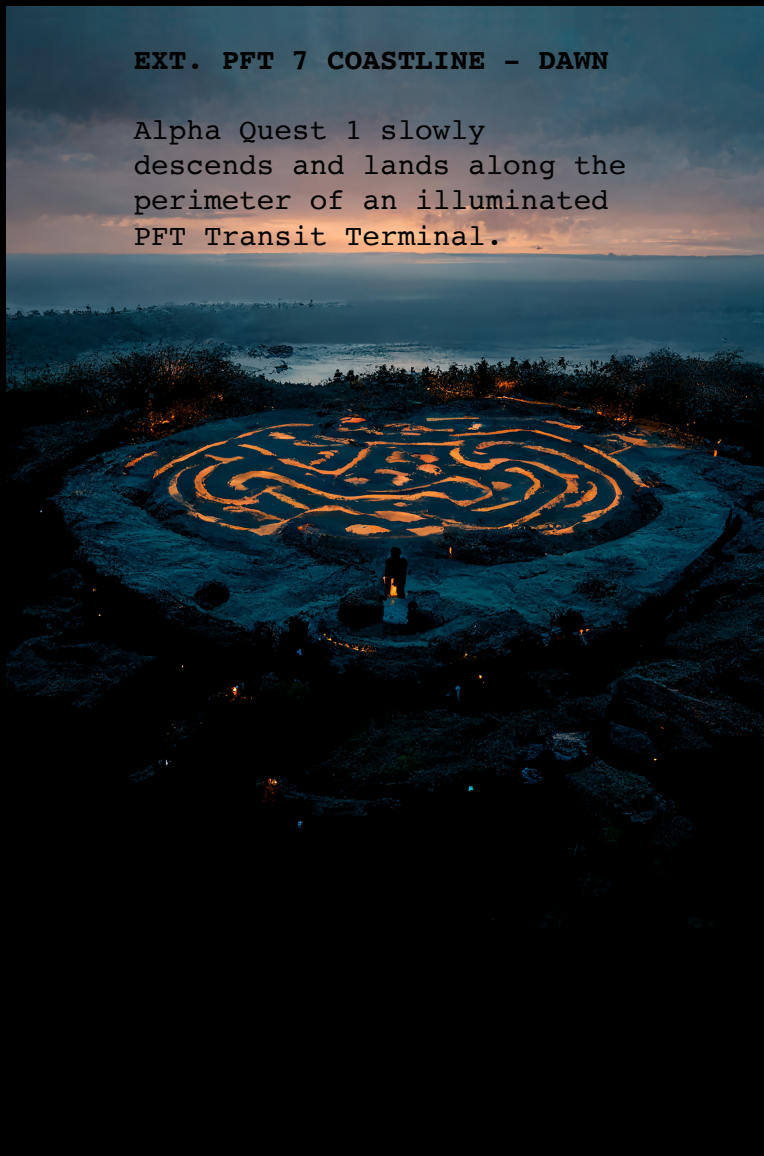
A ZI NOVEL



Our frame story picks up
where we left off: at the
beginning . . .

EXT. PFT 7 COASTLINE - DAWN

Alpha Quest 1 slowly
descends and lands along the
perimeter of an illuminated
PFT Transit Terminal.





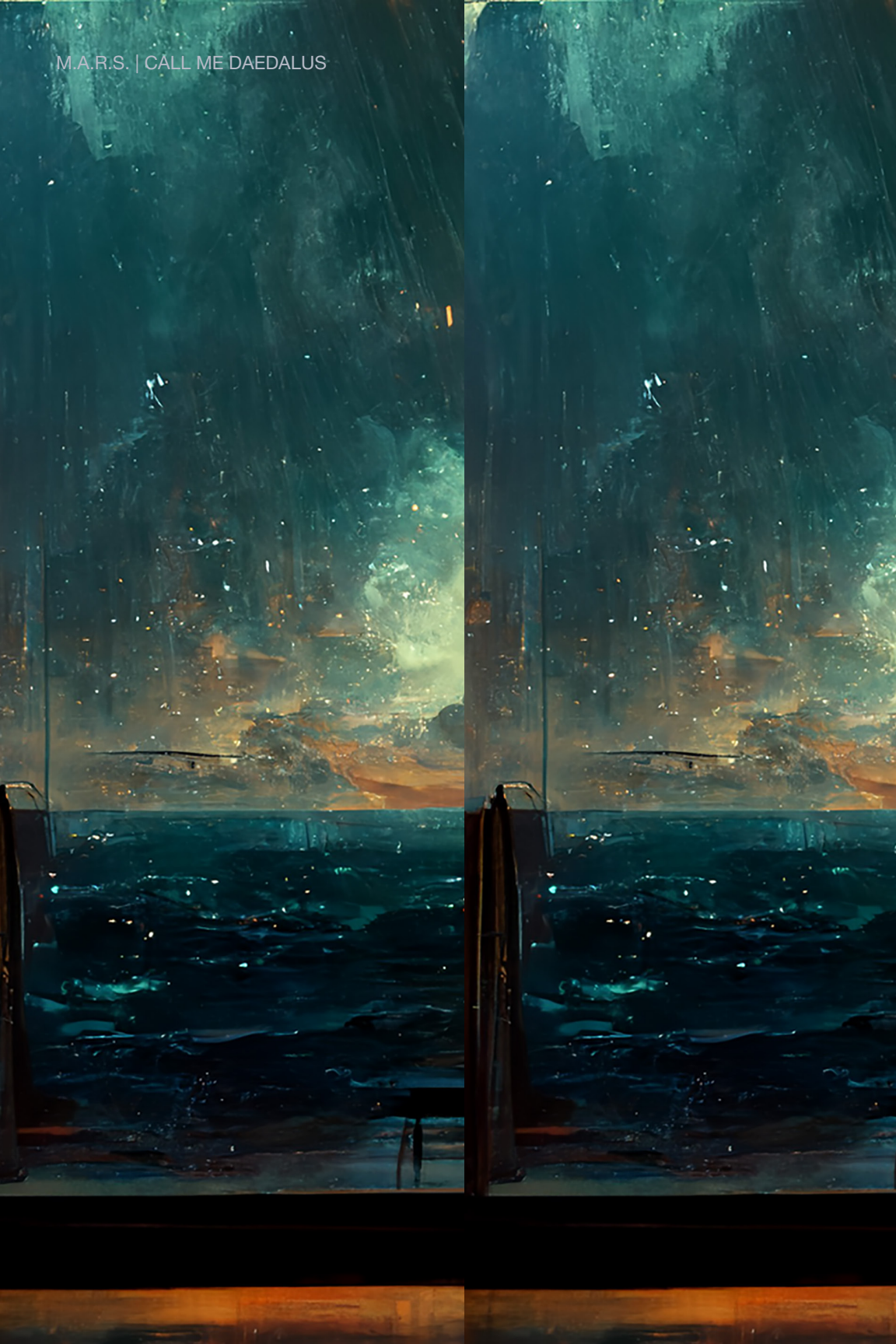
EXT. PFT 7 COASTLINE - MORNING

ESHE MOON, 27, surfboards into
the liquid fog . . .





M.A.R.S. | CALL ME DAEDALUS



**INT. ALPHA QUEST 1 - PFT 7
COASTLINE - NIGHT**

The panoramic window of the
Placeship frames the storm
that RAGES at sea . . .

On the wall hangs a poster
of Interstellar. On the
kitchen table sits a half-
empty glass of water . . .

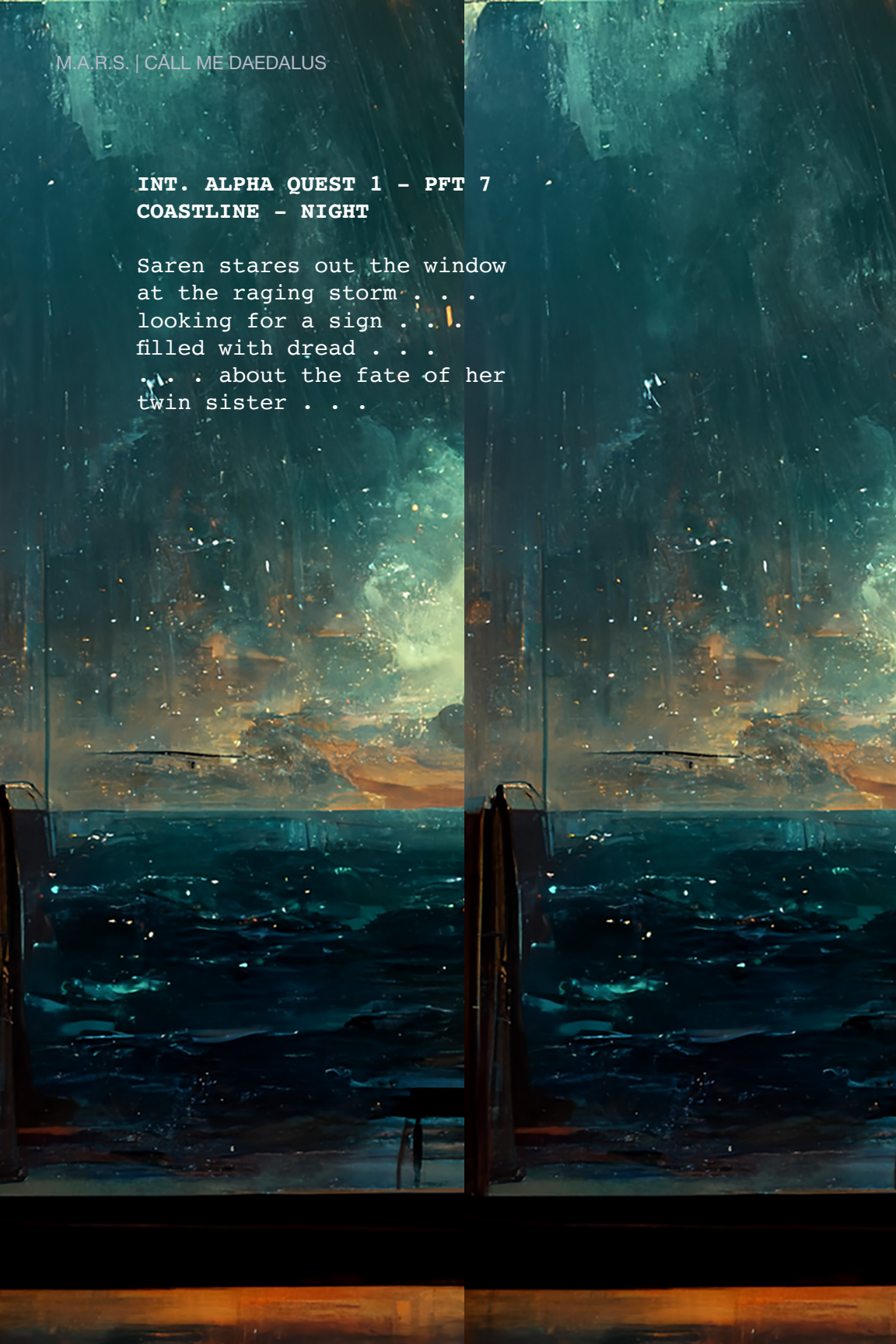
On the
kitchen table sits a half-
empty glass of water . . .
And a mysterious ship . . .





INT. ALPHA QUEST 1 - PFT 7
COASTLINE - NIGHT

Saren stares out the window
at the raging storm . . .
looking for a sign . . .
filled with dread . . .
. . . about the fate of her
twin sister . . .









CHAPTER 10 THE LABYRINTHEUM



A ZI NOVEL



M.A.R.S. | CALL ME DAEDALUS

DAEDALUS: LABYRINTHEUM DREAM MURAL | PLATE NO. 03

M.A.R.S. | CALL ME DAEDALUS

DAEDALUS: LABYRINTHEUM DREAM MURAL | PLATE NO. 03















M.A.R.S. | CALL ME DAEDALUS









































Haunted by the myth of Orpheus and Eurydice, overwhelmed by grief and despair, ER Richards, Architect, buries himself in his work. When laid out on his table, the stones on the great grid he called the Star-crossed Canvas for Lost Lovers looked like a field plowed by a drunken master farmer. He conjectures a world where the Architecture of the World--beyond the fish bowl of the mortal plane--expresses the gold standard morality of a mere mortal architect: Rational and Benevolent. For surely a Benign Power structures and organizes the phenomenon and floor plan of absolute Reality . . . surely the Hosue of Reality makes Total Sense, the way a great work of architecture in this human world makes total sense--sense both in Form and Function. Surely, somewhere beyond the plane of Illusion there exists this Architecture to enter and visit and explore . . . through a series of infinite Labyrinteum Planes of our existence, Eternal, Immortal, and Insurmountable, for we cannot die. We have lived before we appeared here on Earth by way of an odd threshold experience--a burnt canal--way before our Earth Arrival Day and our Earth Departure Day, we lived . . . line alone: no beginning, no end. For how else would a Benign, Intelligent versus a stupid and mean Architect Architect the World?

The loss of his wife--her departure, transition, whatever you wanna call it (the Salvation Army calls it "Promoted to Glory)--set ER on an idealistic, bold quest . . . questioning the design of the world . . . he went in search of the door to the house--the land, the afterworld, hereafter--where his wife now dwelled. It's a lofty ambition, but he's determined to find a way to bring his vision to life. One night, while working late at his office, he is visited by a mysterious being who claims to be the goddess Story. Story tells him that she has been watching him, and that she believes he is capable of realizing his dream. She offers to guide him on his journey, and help him unlock the secret powers of the stones he has been working with. She heralds--calls him to the adventure, and he embarks on a quest to pick the lock of the Architecture of the World.

Max North and Eli Richards, architects, walk through the cemeteries of their worlds. Each alone. Each with a box, one made of wood the other of stainless steel. Each surveying the simple-complex chessboard labyrinth of their cemetery's library of tombstone books. Max walks through

the cemetery of the Here, Odd Knights Lawn. Eli walks through the cemetery of the HereBefore, Masonic Lawn. Max walks alone, down the dirt path, past the massive urns and lambs, through the thicket of trees. The path is wide enough for a few people to walk side-by-side. An engraved stone path with small granite steps lead to the mausoleum that he designed and erected for his two children.

Eli walks across the meadow and up the stairs leading out of the sprawling memorial garden to the mausoleum that he design and erected for his wife, Calliope. Masonic Lawn features a breeze, there is always a breeze, reassuring, soothing. In contrast to the other worlds, lush and blooming, the HereBefore presents a more serious land. The architecture angular and heroic. Mausoleums, mausoleums and more mausoleums. Bordered by massive urns taller than houses, these structures rise above the rest of the landscape like stone skyscrapers. Marble, granite, red and black, their roofs are peaked with swords of light, their walls etched with inscriptions from the ages of epic poetry and symbolic tracery. The trees were structured in complex patterns, with winding branches that intertwined with one another to form a ceiling of greenery. The trees reminded Eli of the pieces of paper he had folded when he was a child to make a tree house to hide inside while he was playing hide-and-seek. The grass grew only around some of the headstones, leaving large stones sticking out from bare earth. The only flowers that were allowed were cut flowers lying in vases on grave sites or growing in little gardens off to the side. Everything is soft and warm. The ground is soft and warm. The graves are soft and warm. Mausoleum steps are soft and warm. The smooth flat stones of the path feel cool to the touch on this cool afternoon. Others did not seem to appreciate them at all and had let them wilt into brown husks that blew away with the slightest breeze. The illuminated memorial glows with sadness and hope.

Odd Knights Lawn is decorated with flowers, trees and grass. There are benches here and there to sit down and think or to just watch the world go by. The peaceful cemetery smells of lilac, jasmine and citron. The air is sweet with the wafting perfume of roses. The soft sweet smell of new grass is the most dominant smell. The tall grass rustles in the wind, and slight the slightest hint of burnt wood can be smelled. The mausoleums and obelisks

are of dramatically varied height. Some are no more than a few feet tall. Some reach twenty feet. The tallest of them all is the mausoleum that Max North designed and erected. The massive granite urns that mark each burial plot are weathered grey and green, like a polished stone in the moonlight. The shining granite of the path that leads to the two mausoleums appears to be at war with the diamond-tempered translucency of their glass doors.







EXT. HEREBEFORE - MASONIC LAWN CEMETERY -
CALLIOPE RICHARDS MEMORIAL - DAY

Eli walks across the meadow and up the stairs leading out of the sprawling memorial garden to the mausoleum that he designed and erected for his wife, Calliope.

Distant traffic and birdsong, the distant rumble of thunder from an approaching storm. Eli enters the megaron mausoleum, compact and rectangular, and descends the stair to the underground labyrinth where the ashes of Calliope reside . . .

He winds through the labyrinth to the chamber at the center, light piercing the darkness from a skylight shard above . . .

He opens a wooden treasure chest and kneels to examine the contents. A bundle of letters and a small box of photographs.

SUDDENLY . . .

A bright light pulsates. Eli shields his eyes but the light continues to grow. Eli drops the candle stub and cowers in the dark recesses of the chamber until the light fades. He picks up the candle stub and the letters and cautiously makes his way through the labyrinth and up the stairs into the dark light of the thunder storm . . .

EXT. HERE - ODD KNIGHTS LAWN CEMETERY - THE SAREN
AND ESHE NORTH MEMORIAL - DAY

The Saren and Eshe North Memorial rests on a hill overlooking rows of headstones and crypts. Slender and exquisitely proportioned, more an ephemeral dream, floating, ascending, than a massive earthbound weight, the gray metallic spaceship-like structure rises as high as a three-story building, with a flat roof out of which rises an ethereal android-like sculpture - a 12-foot-tall bronze column whose top has been sheared off at an angle. From the ground up, it is 17 feet. With the winged top, the column rises 21 feet. It's a sculpture Daedalus.

A pair of cave-like entrance doors open into the the 29-foot memorial coouryard at the foot of the Daedalus Tower. A bronze plaque flanks the entrance:

LIVE B.R.AVE.
THE SAREN AND ESHE NORTH MEMORIAL
TWINs
ARRIVAL 2024 - DEPARTURE 2051
ERECTED BY THEIR FATHER, MAX NORTH, ARCHITECT

Behind those doors lies the the Labyrinthum. The Transit Terminal.

EXT. HEREAFTER - DREAM SEA CEMETERY - ESHE
NORTH CENOTAPH - DAY

A young woman pauses at the entrance of the futuristic cemetery and walks through the myth-scribbled high-tech double steel doors.

She sees an older man standing in front of a metallic pylon. He's hunched over and doesn't see her. She approaches him and says hello, but he doesn't even look up.

Through a sea of gravel underfoot, the young woman treks toward the memorial that hugs the cliff at that water's edge. Stoic. But after a spell, she struggles to hold back tears.

She lives in the HereAfter.

The spiral winds her through the memories-film of life with her twin sister.

Torn between grief and hope, the young woman walks slowly along the dimly lit labyrinth pathway toward the glowing cubic tower at its center.

The architectonic gray-muse tower beckons her . . . aflame with light, the cubic core presents her with the cenotaph's door.

Dare she step through . . . into the abyss or bliss of another world . . . and voyage to Eshe?

She knows that the memories and the grief that the Transporter holds will consume her. But she cannot turn away from her sister - the only one who truly understood her and loved her.

With a heavy heart, she steps through the door and into the beyond. And though she fears what lies ahead, she is determined to find her sister, no matter what it takes.

But then the spell is broken. She sees herself still standing outside the Transport, the PFT. She gazes up at the stark eccentric steel wing. As she struggles, with her conflicted emotions, she hears a voice whisper in her ear . . .

STORY (V.O.)

Stay. Don't go. Eshe is on her way
to see you . . .

More will be revealed . . .

HEREBEFORE

MASONIC LAWN CEMETERY
THE LABYRINTHEUM

ENTRANCE





MASONIC LAWN CEMETERY
THE LABYRINTHEUM

LIVE B.R.A.V.E.
THE CALLIOPE RICHARDS
MEMORIAL

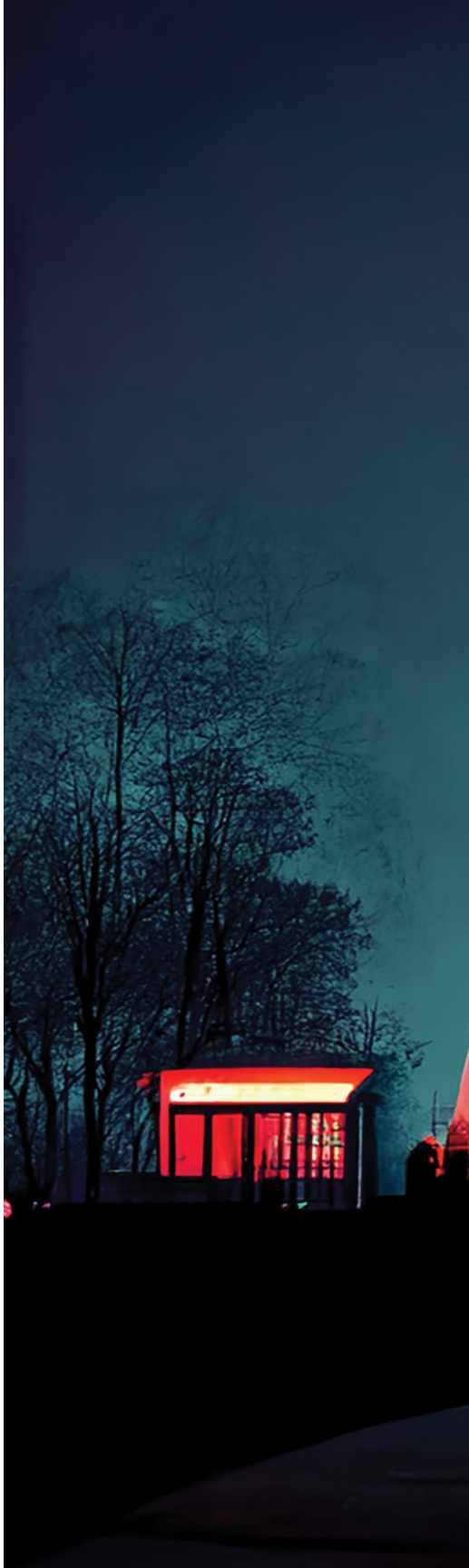




HERE

ODD KNIGHTS LAWN CEMETERY
THE LABYRINTHEUM

ENTRANCE





LIVE B.R.A.V.E.

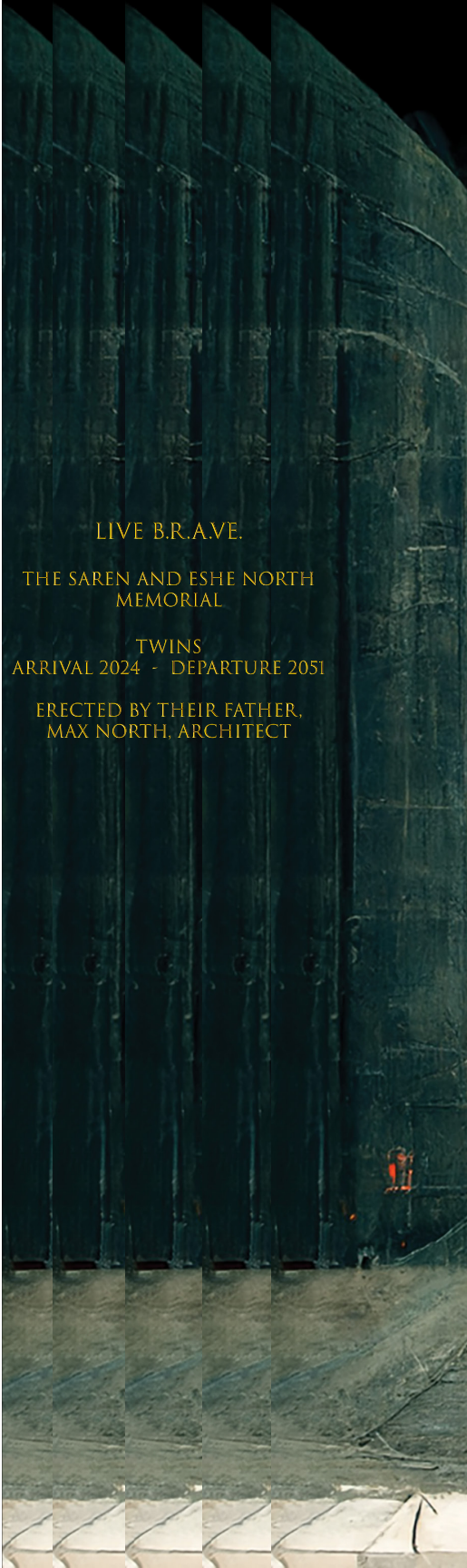
THE SAREN AND ESHE NORTH
MEMORIAL

TWINS
ARRIVAL 2024 - DEPARTURE 2051

ERECTED BY THEIR FATHER,
MAX NORTH. ARCHITECT

ODD KNIGHTS LAWN CEMETERY
THE LABYRINTHEUM

LIVE B.R.A.V.E.
THE SAREN AND ESHE NORTH MEMORIAL





HEREAFTER

DREAM SEA CEMETERY THE LABYRINTHEUM

ENTRANCE

A young woman pauses at the entrance of the futuristic cemetery and walks through the myth-scribbled high-tech double steel doors.





DREAM SEA CEMETERY
THE LABYRINTHEUM

STORY (V.O.)

Stay. Don't go. Eshe is on
her way to see you . . .





DREAM SEA CEMETERY
THE LABYRINTHEUM

LIVE B.R.A.V.E.
THE ESHE MOON CENOTAPH





CHAPTER 12

THE SHOWDOWN















a showdown at dusk in the cretonia cemetery lawn between the good max north and the evil zado blank, determined to destroy everything that Max North has built. He lurks in the shadows of the Labyrinthum waiting to strike. Though the moon is just a sliver tonight, it casts just enough light to show the outline of a figure in black. Peering over the edge of the mausoleum, the figure watches the casket have its cadaverous burial. A figure stands on the far side of the grave, leaning against the stone crypt in a confident pose. The wind rips at their clothes, the grass is icy and their hands are numb; the cold has gotten worse over the past few hours. And then darkness falls and Max North knows that Zado Blank is near. He can hear the soft, footfall of his enemy as he approaches from down the pathway. His senses are on high alert and he draws his sword and readies himself for what will come next. Max crouched behind a gravestone, his heart pounding in his chest as he surveyed the cemetery lawn. He knew that Zado was out there, waiting to strike and destroy everything that Max had worked so hard to build. He scanned the shadowy figures lurking in the darkness, trying to pinpoint where Zado might be hiding. Just then, there was a rustle in the bushes behind him. "Come out and face me!" shouted Max, mustering all of his courage. "I know you're there, and I won't let you win!" There was silence for a moment, and then Zado emerged from the shadows, a menacing grin on his twisted face. "You are a fool to challenge me," hissed Zado, his eyes glittering with malice. "I will destroy you, and everything you hold dear." With a fierce cry, Max charged towards Zado, intent on defeating him once and for all. Zado Blank emerges from the shadows and glares at Max North with a menacing look in his eyes. He raises his sword and charges towards Max, who meets him with a cry of defiance and leaps into action. The two warriors clash in a flurry of strikes and parries, their swords clanging against each other with deafening force. They battle furiously, each one determined to be the victor. But despite his best efforts, Max North finds that he is no match for Zado Blank. Zado's fighting skills are far superior, and he soon has Max on the ground, his sword at his throat. 'Now you die,' snarls Zado . . . the feel of the flowers from his wife's grave in his pocket, the sweat from his brow, the hot poker in his ribs, the leather of his gloves, the smooth and cold brass of his sword, and the slick feel of blood his sword

leaves behind. Zado Blank holds Saren at gunpoint. He won't release her unless Max gives up the plans for the Placeship. Until Max North hands over the keys to the Transit Terminals. Ticktock . . . The bomb clock kept counting down. The bomb that Zado Blank strapped to the entrance of The Labyrintheum. Midnight would come soon. Too soon. And I didn;t now whether to wake up or keep sleeping. Relaity or Dream? I knew Max North couldn't sleep. Beofre the crash. After she androided up to Alpha Quest 1. His weapon is an infrared laser gun. Standing in the arena of the Minotaur of old, enclosed by the labyrinth of the cemetery and the towering figure of Zado Blank, Max North braves to the showdown in the rectangular arena of light. Zado Blank holds Saren at gunpoint. He won't release her unless Max gives up the plans for the Placeship. Until Max North hands over the keys to the Transit Terminals. Ticktock . . . The bomb clock kept counting down. The bomb that Zado Blank strapped to the entrance of The Labyrintheum. Midnight would come soon. Too soon. And I didn;t now whether to wake up or keep sleeping. Relaity or Dream? I knew Max North couldn't sleep. Beofre the crash. After she androided up to Alpha Quest 1. I kept sleeping. Deep in my dreams, where I found myself back on the planet Zi. The planet where I was born. I looked around at the green fields of Zi and the blue-grassed plains. Everything was peaceful here. Perfect. I heard a twinge in the distance. A twinge that sounded like a name. A voice calling out to me. My name. Zadow. I turned to see my mother. Most people would call her my grandmother, but she was more than that to me. She was my mother. "Zadow," she said, reaching out her hand to me. "Mother?" I asked. "Is that really you?" She smiled. "Yes, child. It is I." The twinge came again, louder this time. I realized it was a cry for help. A cry for my help. But I couldn't I could feel the ground shaking. I could hear the alarm clock. The bomb! It's time! I woke up in a sweat. What was- Her chest was heavy and her throat felt tight as she sat up. A wave of nausea washed over her, almost causing her to vomit. She tried to calm herself down. She needed to focus. Find out what was going

on. Despite the smell of the grass, the warm night breeze, and the clear sky, her surroundings felt wrong; they were not the place she fell asleep in. She had moved somewhere else. The ground underneath her was hard and cold, with dirt in it. It was sticky, almost like she was on a beach. The air was humid, almost muggy, with the stench of sausages. It was dark, too, except for the sliver of a moon that provided the only source of illumination. She could see stars, but no other light. And then she appeared. Like a phantom at first. But Max North was wide awake and knew what he saw through the sim that he wore: Eshe. His daughter, long lost. But here. Now. This moment. "I didn't know where else to go," she said, then began to weep. "Everyone left me. Everyone. I couldn't find you. All I had was your necklace." She held up her hand, showing the sim glimmering on her palm. Max North took Eshe into his arms, and held her for a very long time. "Dad?" Eshe asked. "Yeah?" he murmured back, still in shock. "I need you to take off the sim," she whispered. He wiped his eyes on his sleeve and looked down at his daughter. He couldn't believe what he saw. Her hair was longer. Her face had matured. And yet he knew it was her. It had to be her. She had no reason to lie. He removed the sim. She was still there. She was still there. Ticktock . . . ticktock. And so was Zado Blank. Max put the sim back on to slay Zado Blank once and for all, drive a stake through his heart. When he put the sim on again, the landscape was still there. Endlessly green fields. Blue skies. But something was different. The girl was gone. He didn't understand it. He couldn't explain it. He knew he had recognized her. Max tried to find her again, but it was as if she had vanished. He pulled off the sim and looked down at the chaos of the cemetery. Zado Blank was there, just as she said he would be: waiting, smiling, killing. A green light was emanating from the black emptiness of space, traveling straight for the thrusters of the craft overhead. Then Zado struck. The battle ensued. Max fought Zado on the streets of the city, then back in the forest, and then again in a maze of electricity. There was no escape. Zado was getting closer and closer, killing off the other fighters one by one, as Max did what he could to protect them all. When there were only a few left, Max was forced to fight Zado on his own. He knew it was hopeless. Zado Blank was too fast, too strong. Max took the only shot he had. He flew straight into Zado's

A ZI NOVEL









A ZI NOVEL





A ZI NOVEL









A ZI NOVEL





A ZI NOVEL

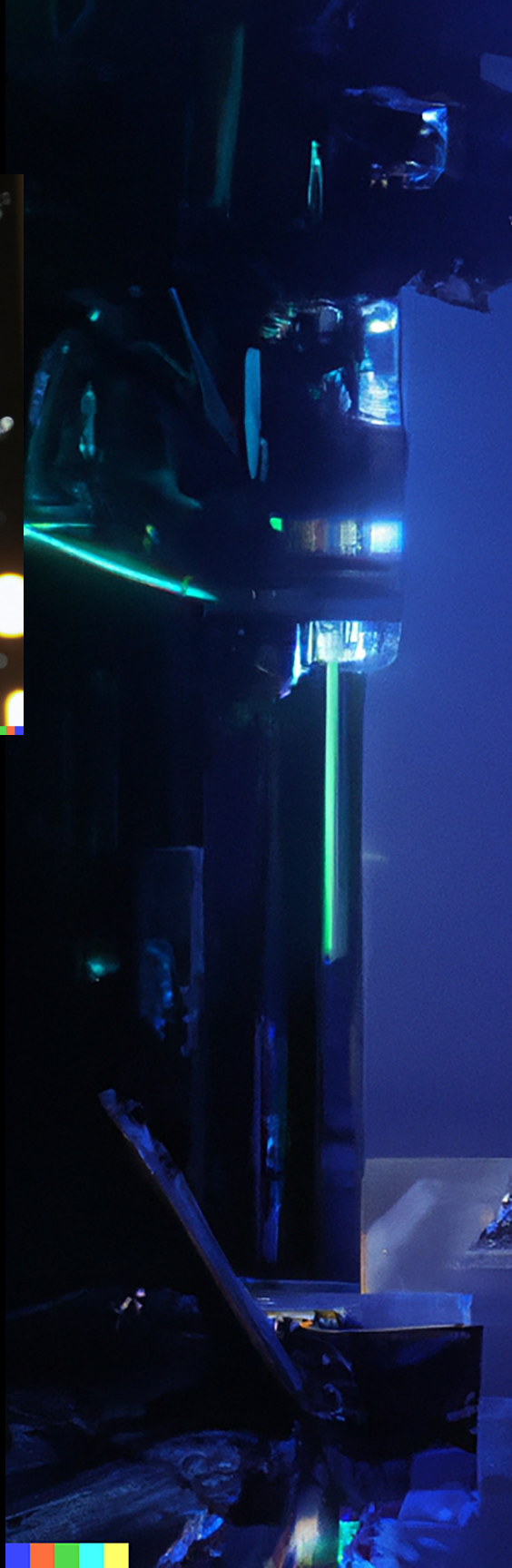


chest, using the force of his own body to defeat him. The last thing Max saw before the darkness overtook him was Zado flying out of control and crashing into the trees below. Max awoke faceup on his bed, his heart thumping in his chest. The room was dark. His breathing was rapid and shallow. He ran his fingers through his hair, wiped the sweat from his drenched face. Zado wasn't dead. Then suddenly, Calliope appeared. "Max, it's okay. It was just a dream," she said, sitting next to him on his bed. "Everything is going to be okay." He looked at her, still panting. She had never been so close before, and he studied her face, the tiny freckles across her nose, the dark circles under her eyes. He touched her cheek, then pulled her toward him. Her body felt warm and soft. They kissed, and for a moment, Max forgot everything but Calliope. When they finally pulled away, Max reached for his shirt and sat up again. A quick glance at his phone told him it was 7:35 PM. Calliope stood, gave him a smile. Max suddenly remembered the nightmares. Everything was gone. But Calliope was alive. She was standing in the doorway of the room, still wearing her black bodysuit. Max reached out to grab her, to hold onto her, but she faded away like a mirage. "I love you," he yelled after her. "I don't want to live without you!" He knew it was futile to call out to her. She was gone. But she would come back, of that Max was certain. She had to. But Max North sensed that Zado Blank wasn't dead . . . and would keep trying to stop them.





But Max North sensed that Zado Blank wasn't dead . . . and would keep trying to stop them.



A ZI NOVEL





CHAPTER 12

CALL ME, DAEDALUS











PLANAR-FREE TRAVEL: PIERCING THE 9TH WALL | 03.24.2001

DIVEST YOURSELF OF THE THOUGHT THAT THERE CAN BE SUBSTANCE IN MATTER, AND THE MOVEMENTS AND TRANSITIONS NOW POSSIBLE FOR MORTAL MIND WILL BE FOUND TO BE EQUALLY POSSIBLE FOR THE BODY. —MARY BAKER EDDY

It didn't take much. Just a kick here and there, now and then—well, maybe more often than that. But he'd get it going one way or the other. And then swoosh. Up like a bird.

Aerodynamically speaking it was a modest affair. Primitive you might call it. But still it possessed all the requisite materials and moving parts to keep itself—and at least two humans, pilot and co-pilot—aloft. By whatever description, model, make, and number, this mechanical contraption was a reliable old bird. Designed and fabricated, patched, repaired, overhauled, and tweaked, with just the right combination of rigor and mercy to weather every storm and atmospheric surprise with a heart of steel and improvisational grace. If need be, even virtually to bend the laws of flight ever so slightly to survive.

And bending was key. WINGSvision, they called her. Flight Master. The handiwork of an idealist. Aeronautical architect and ace pilot, Saren North.

North wasn't your ordinary twenty-something woman. And yet she was, really. Smart, brave, resourceful, and funny—she could make you laugh just waiting to hear what she'd say next—she just seemed so normal. Like the way you'd just figure everybody should be. And North was the first to tell you that it IS the way everyone truly is, deep down, just the way that the Architect of the Universe formed you: strong, industrious, creative, good.

"It's like electricity," she'd often say. "Yep, life is like electricity. It's around you all the time, right here, but you got tap into it to take advantage of it. You can have the best vacuum cleaner in the world but if you don't plug it in, you can't use it. Life is the same way. Life isn't physical. It's a spiritual force. A principle really. And it's the most powerful thing in the whole world. This life-principle is all around you, right here, right now. And if you'd just look up, you'd see it. You can tap into it. Tap into it mentally. Get aligned straight as an arrow with the great Architect-Mind of the Universe. And then amazing things can happen. You can fly—literally and metaphorically."

Saren North was a metaphysical type year-2017 woman. Thinking was the most important thing to her. The beginning of every adventure. The middle and the end too. It was the key to her success as a pilot—and everything else in her life. She saw herself as the expression of the Infinite. The daylight of Mind.



PFT PILOT SAREN NORTH

Saren North's pilot's manual was as much the Zi Manual as the flight instruction handbooks she studied assiduously to become a master pilot. The beautiful thing about Saren North was that her life as a pilot blended so perfectly with piloting her life. As far as she was concerned, life and flying were basically the same thing. They both involved being in harmony with a principle.

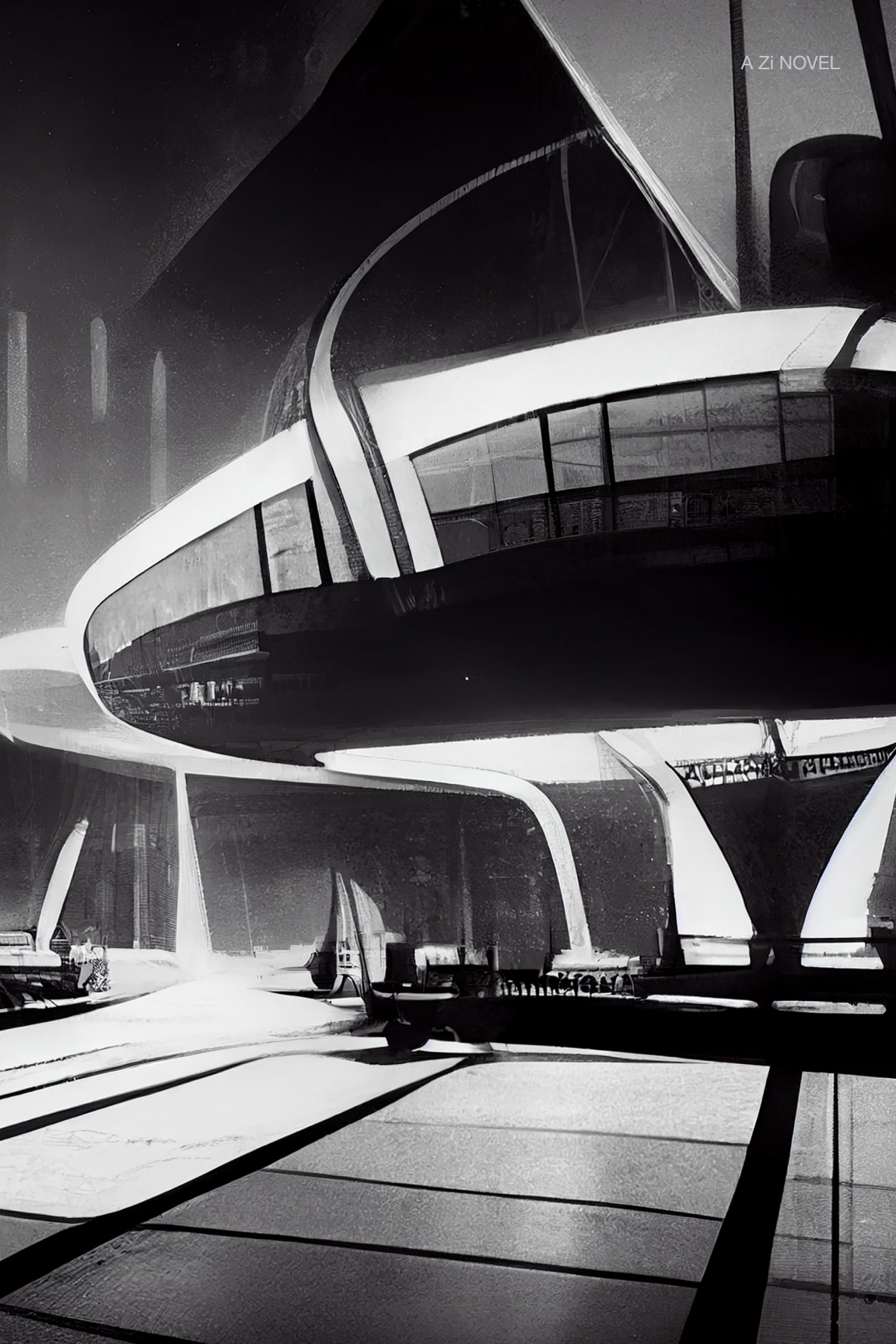
Here's how she explained it in an interview for *The Mind Journal*: "If there are laws governing things like flight, gravity, magnetism, and light, then it just stands to reason that there are laws governing our lives too. You need to make an airplane in accordance with the physical principles of flight, if you want it to fly safely, so likewise, you need to make a life that dovetails with the metaphysical principles of Life if you want your life to run smoothly and soar.

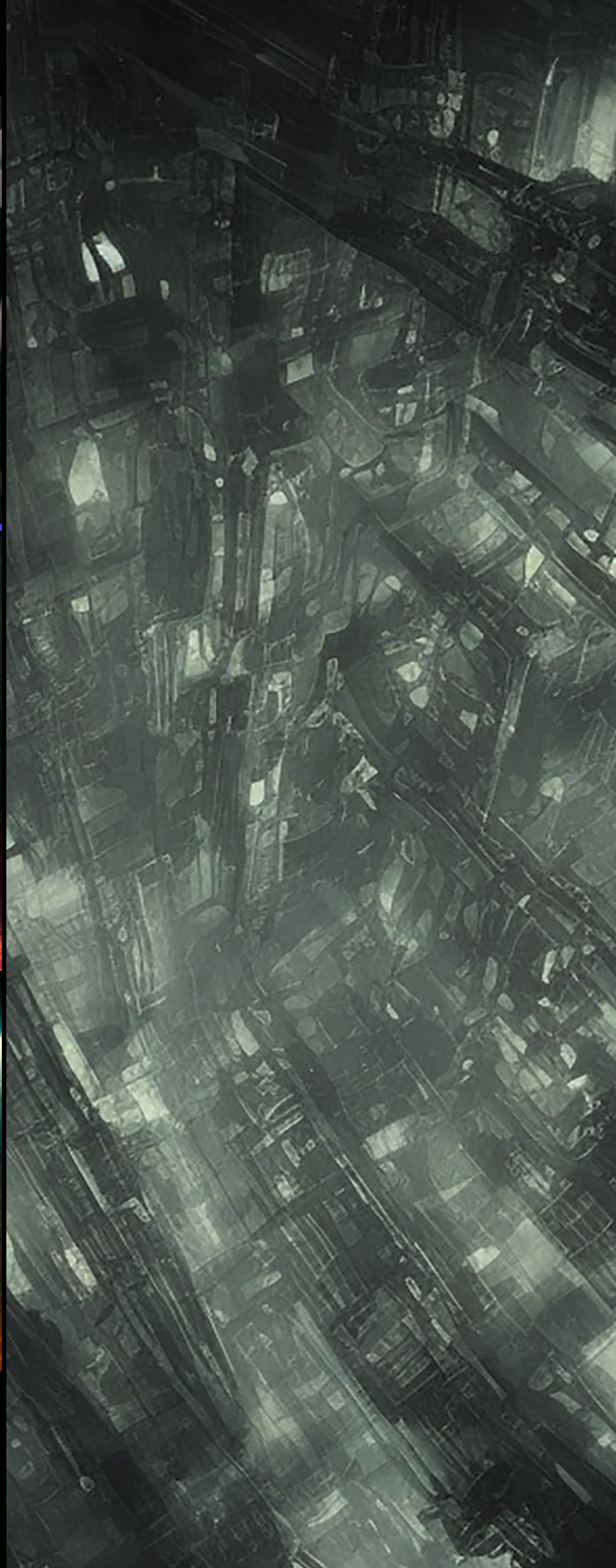
Yeah, Saren North was big on deep life-concepts. And that outlook led her to mind-blowing discoveries, which in turn led her to design and build and pilot the world's first Placeship: Alpha Quest 1.

Futuristic Placeship Alpha Quest 1 is as intricate and beautiful as the Mind that inspired it. The Placeship's architecture, a melding of aesthetics with function, is a hymn to the glory of technology, yet it also speaks to the soul. Mesmerized, the eye is drawn along the contours of the ship, taking in each rivet, each wire, each panel, each seam, each screw, each knob and handle, each hatch, causing you to marvel with pure pleasure and awe of having seen something so perfect.



A ZI NOVEL





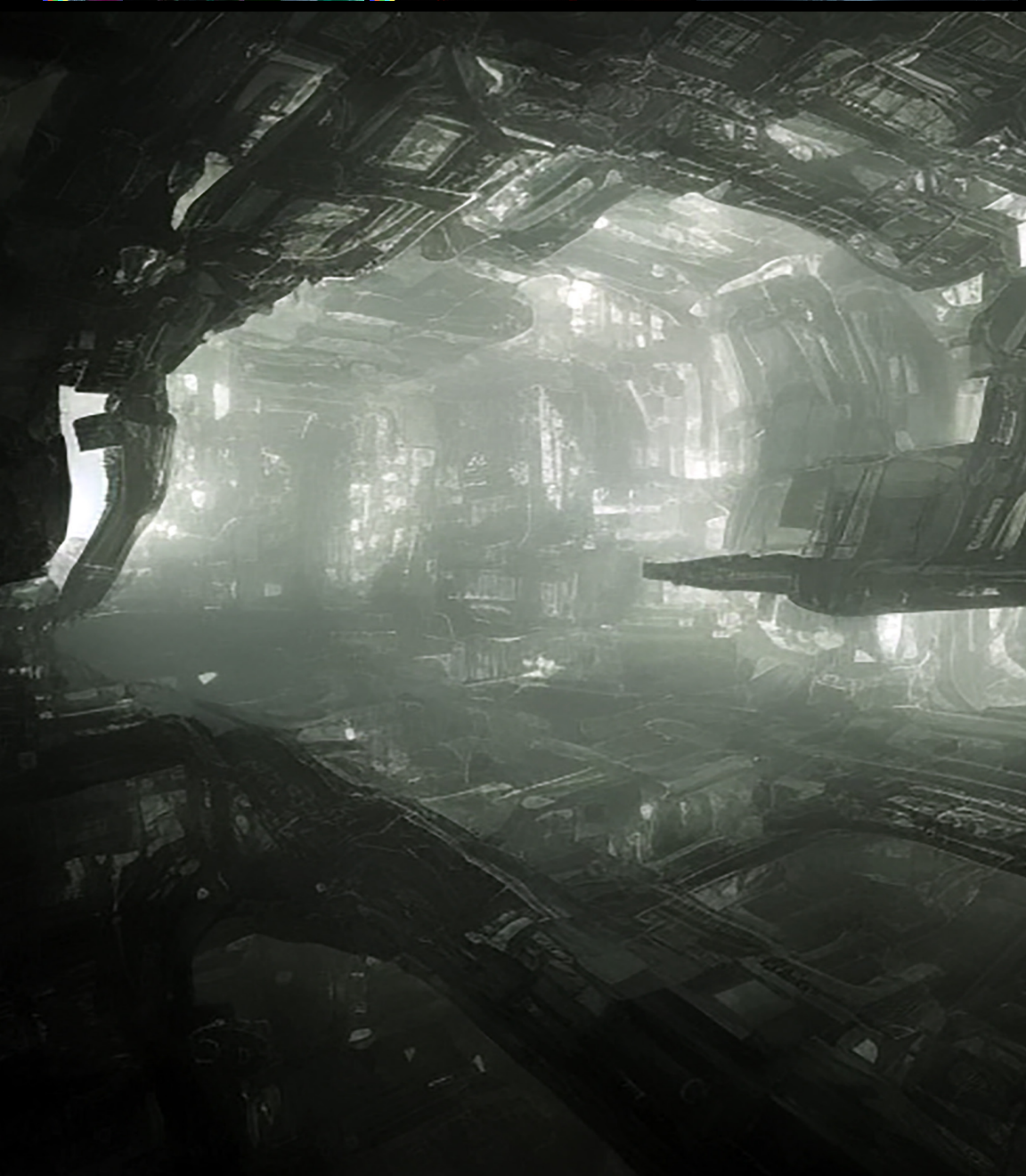
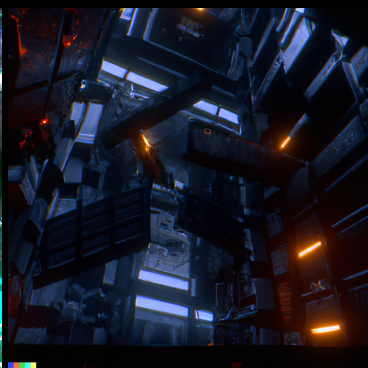
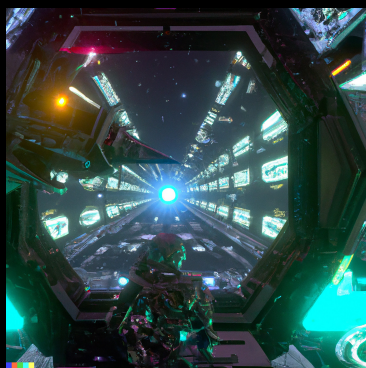


CALL ME, DAEDALUS . . .





CALL ME, DAEDALUS...

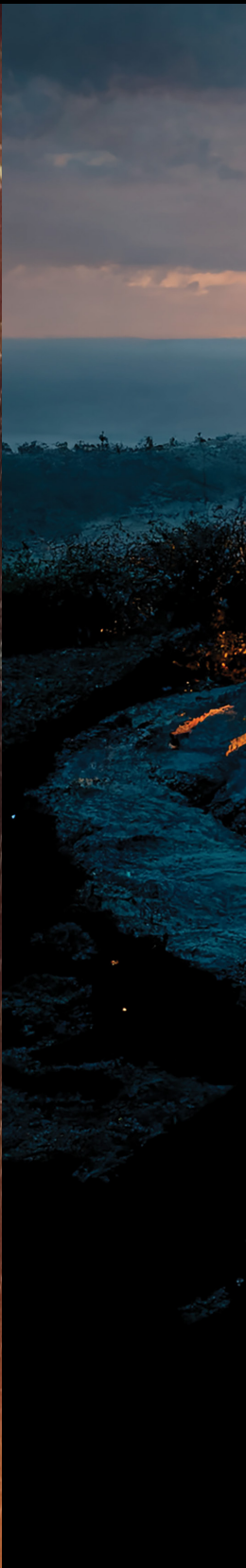
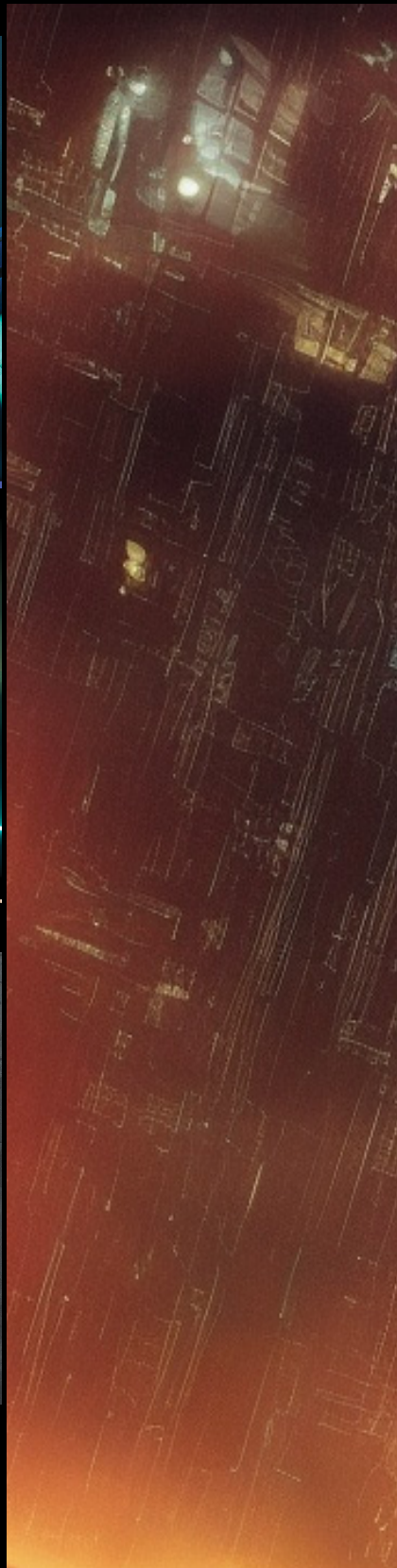




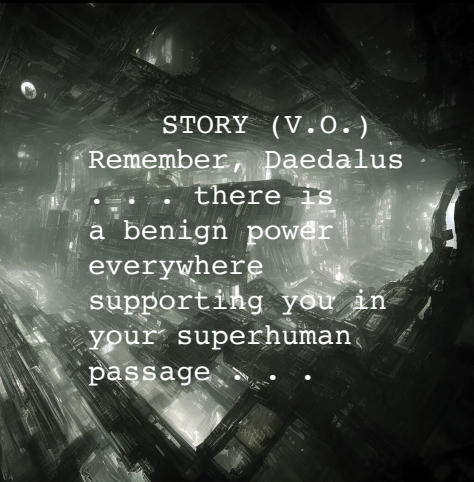
CALL ME . . .



RESCUE MISSION
PFT TRANSIT TERMINAL







STORY (V.O.)
Remember, Daedalus
... there is
a benign power
everywhere
supporting you in
your superhuman
passage ...



RESCUE MISSION
9TH WALL DOWN







HEREBEFORE HERE HEREAFTER





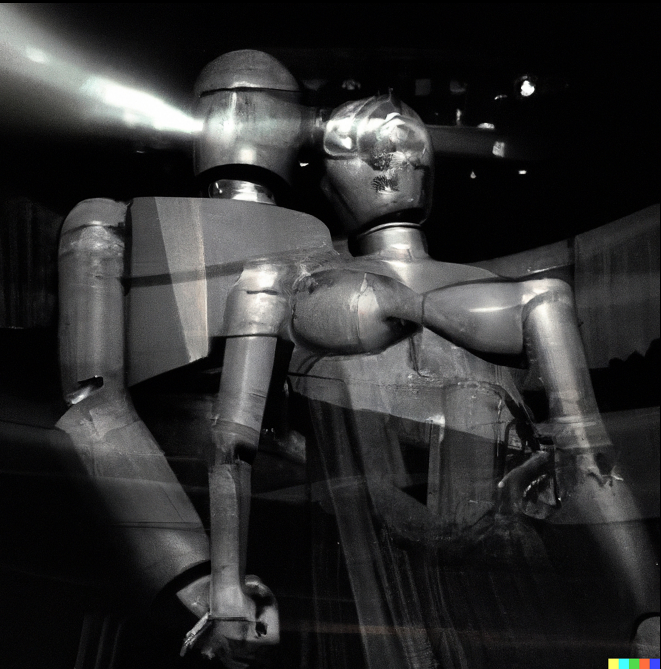


M.A.R.S. | CALL ME DAEDALUS

"I looked down at the chessboard.
The move with the knight was
wrong. I put it back where I had
moved it from. Knights had no
meaning in this game. It wasn't a
game for knights."

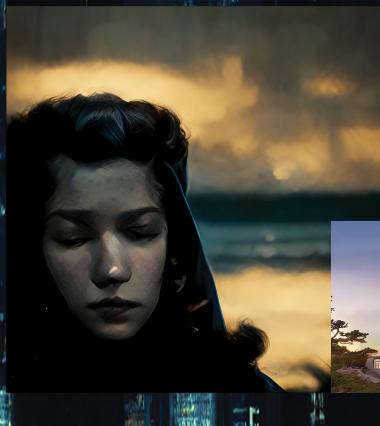
--*The Big Sleep*
Raymond Chandler (1939)







M.A.R.S. | CALL ME DAEDALUS



DIVEST YOURSELF OF THE THOUGHT THAT THERE CAN
BE SUBSTANCE IN MATTER, AND THE MOVEMENTS AND
TRANSITIONS NOW POSSIBLE FOR MORTAL MIND WILL
BE FOUND TO BE EQUALLY POSSIBLE FOR THE BODY.
—MARY BAKER EDDY



THERE IS A BENIGN POWER EVERYWHERE
SUPPORTING US IN OUR SUPERHUMAN PASSAGE.
—JOSEPH CAMPBELL

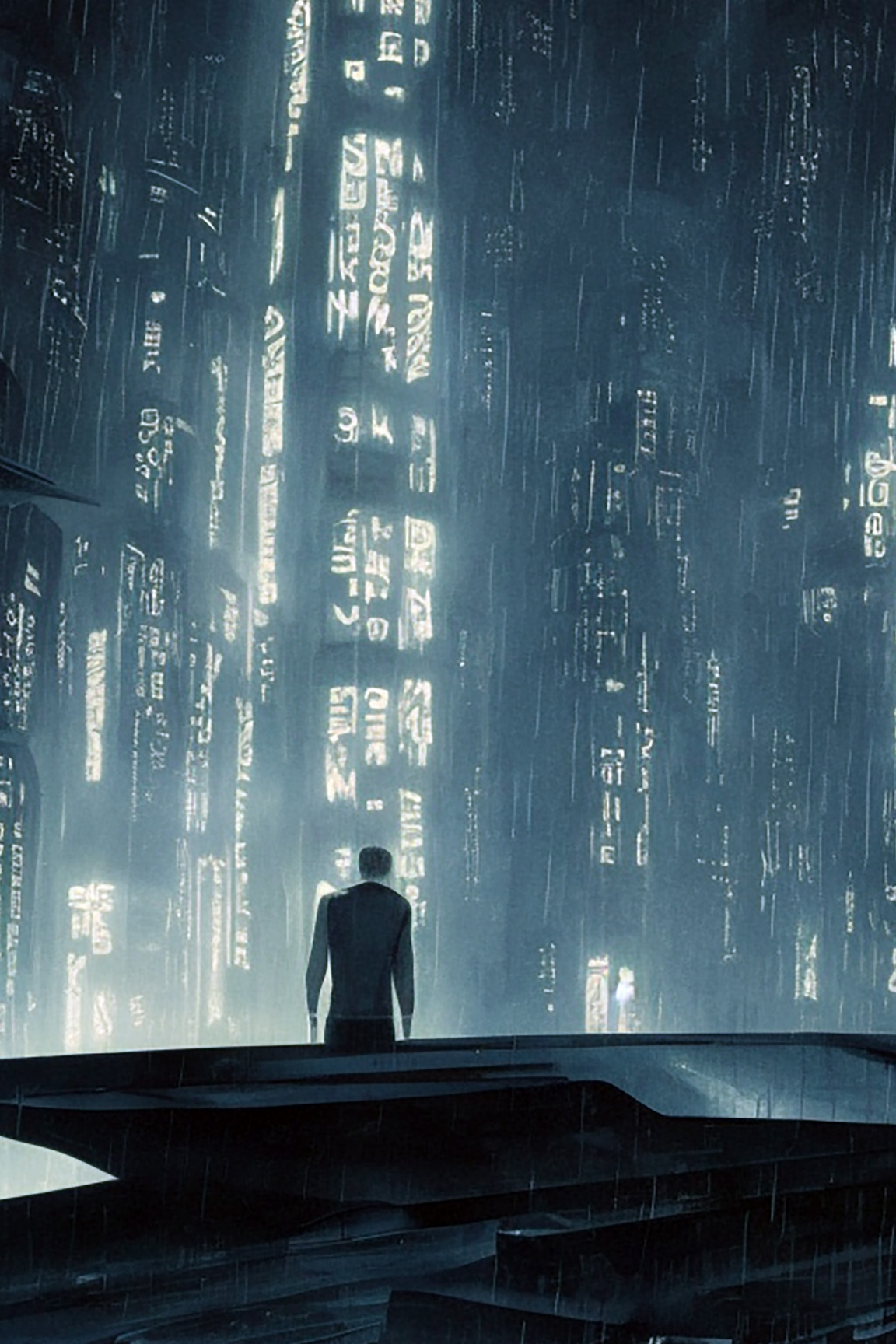
FADE OUT.

THE END





HEREBEFORE HERE HEREAFTER



IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING . . .

ARCHITECT-HERO

THE BEST PLACED THE MONOMYTH
THE HERO-HEART AT HAND

The lodge is close at hand. Most curiously, the very scientist who, in the service of the spiral king, was the brain behind the horror of the labyrinth, quite as readily can serve the purposes of freedom. But the hero-heart must be at hand. For centuries Daedalus has represented the type of the artist-scientist; that curiously disinterested, almost diabolic human phenomenon,

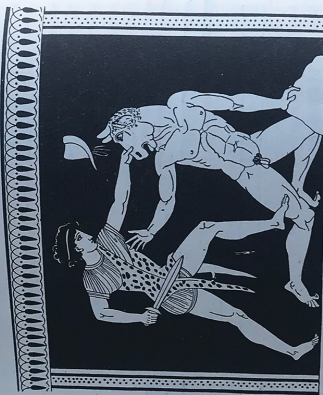


Fig. 2. Minotaur comedy

beyond the normal bounds of social judgment, dedicated to the morals not of his time but of his art. He is the hero of the way of thought—unfettered, courageous, and full of faith that the truth, as he finds it, shall make us free. And so now we may turn to him as did Ariadne: The flax for the linen of his thread he has gathered from the fields of the human imagination. Centuries of husbandry, decades of diligent culling, the work of numerous hearts and hands, have gone into the hatching, sorting, and spinning of this tightly twisted yarn.

THE TIMELESS WISDOM
THIS BOOK DISCLOSES
THE ONE ADVANTAGE INTO
THE LABYRINTH OF HUMAN LIFE
WHICH

THE ORIGINAL HERO + TELLER OF TALES (SPINNER)

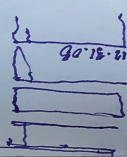
TRAGEDY AND COMEDY

Furthermore, we have not even to risk the adventure alone; for the heroes of all time have gone before us; the labyrinth is thoroughly known; we have only to follow the thread of the hero. And where we had thought to find an abomination, we shall find a god; where we had thought to slay another, we shall slay ourselves; where we had thought to travel outward, we shall come to the center of our own existence; where we had thought to be alone, we shall be with all the world.

SIMPLY AMAZING... STUNNING
BEAUTIFUL

2.
DESCENT & ASCENT
Tragedy and Comedy
DESCENT FIGURE?
DISORIENTATIONAL REPERCUSSION FOR ME. 7.97.01
CH 15... 8.14.05

- Follow the thread of the hero-path.
- Keep the hero-heart at hand.
- Be a hero of the way of thought.
- "Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way." With these fateful words, Count Leo Tolstoy opened the novel of the spiritual dismemberment of his modern heroine, Anna Karenina. During the seven decades that have elapsed since that distracted wife, mother, and blindly impassioned mistress threw herself beneath the wheels of the train—thus terminating with a gesture symbolic of what already had happened to her soul, her tragedy of disorientation—a tumultuous and unremitting dithyramb of romances, news reports, and unrecorded cries of anguish has been going up to the honor of the bull-demon of the labyrinth: the wrathful, destructive, maddening aspect of the same god who, when benign, is the vivifying principle of the world. Modern romance, like Greek tragedy, celebrates the mystery of dismemberment, which is life in time. The happy ending is justly scorned as a misrepresentation; for the world, as we know it, as we have seen it, yields but one ending:



BENIGN POWER
SUPPORTING YOU.

EVERYWHERE

CHAPTER II

INITIATION

YOU MUST SURVIVE A SUCCESSION OF TRIALS,
THE GOOD NEWS?

1.

The Road of Trials

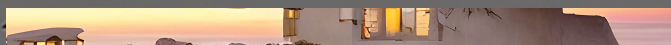
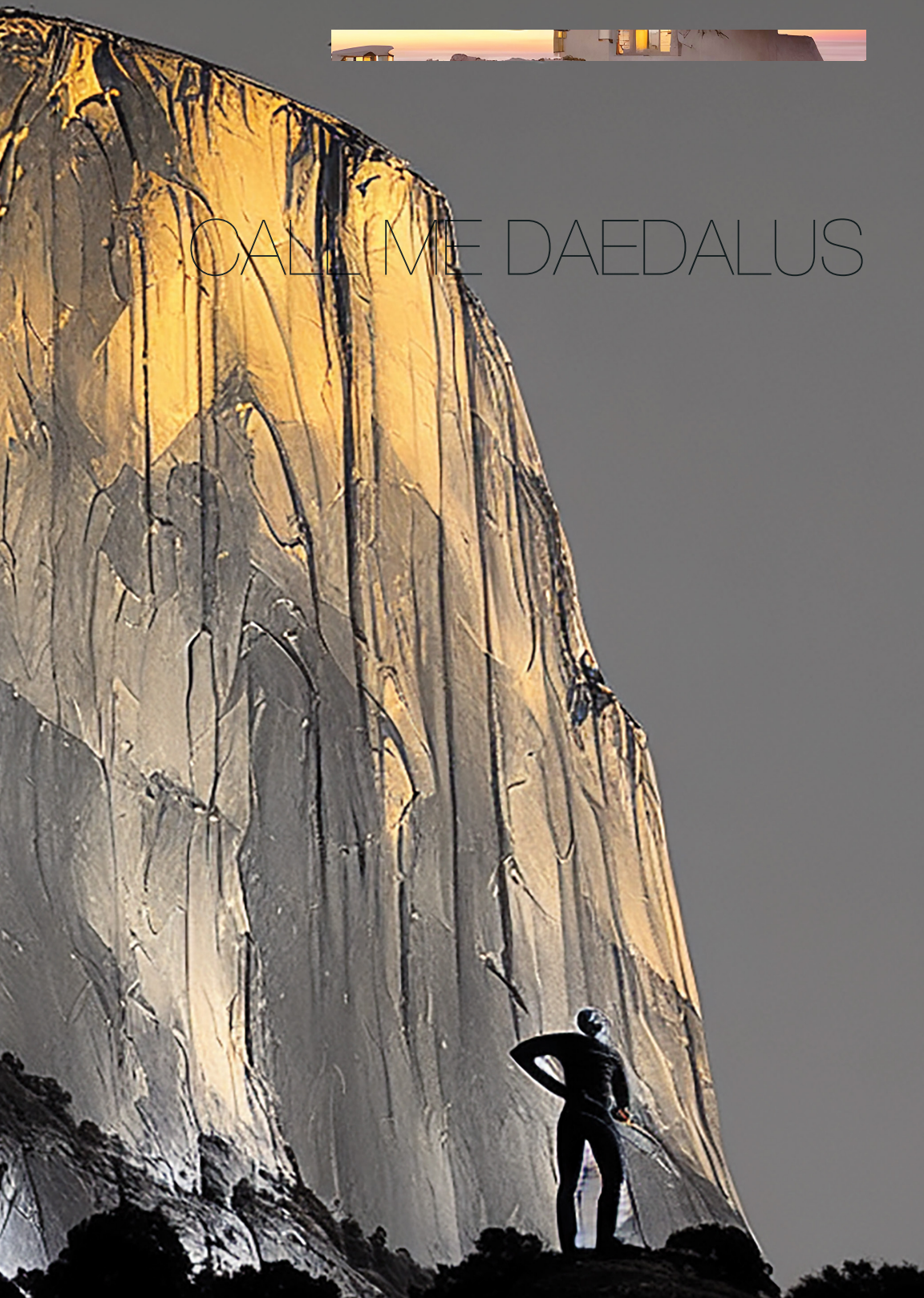
OBSTACLES

ONCE having traversed the threshold, the hero moves in a dream landscape of curiously fluid, ambiguous forms, where he must survive a succession of trials. This is a favorite phase of the myth-adventure. It has produced a world literature of miraculous tests and ordeals. The hero is covertly aided by the advice, amulets, and secret agents of the supernatural helper whom he met before his entrance into this region. Or it may be that he here discovers for the first time that there is a benign power everywhere supporting him in his superhuman passage.

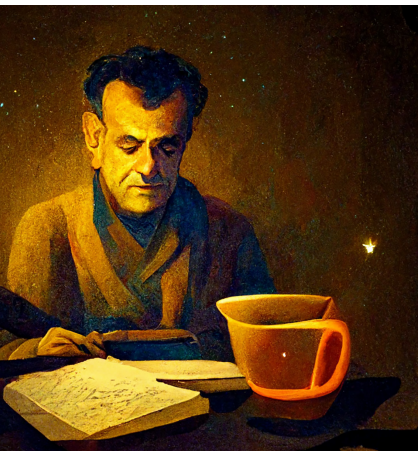
One of the best known and most charming examples of the "difficult tasks" motif is that of Psyche's quest for her lost lover, Cupid.¹ Here all the principal roles are reversed: instead of the lover trying to win his bride, it is the bride trying to win her lover; and instead of a cruel father withholding his daughter

¹ Apuleius, *The Golden Ass* (Modern Library edition), pp. 131-141.

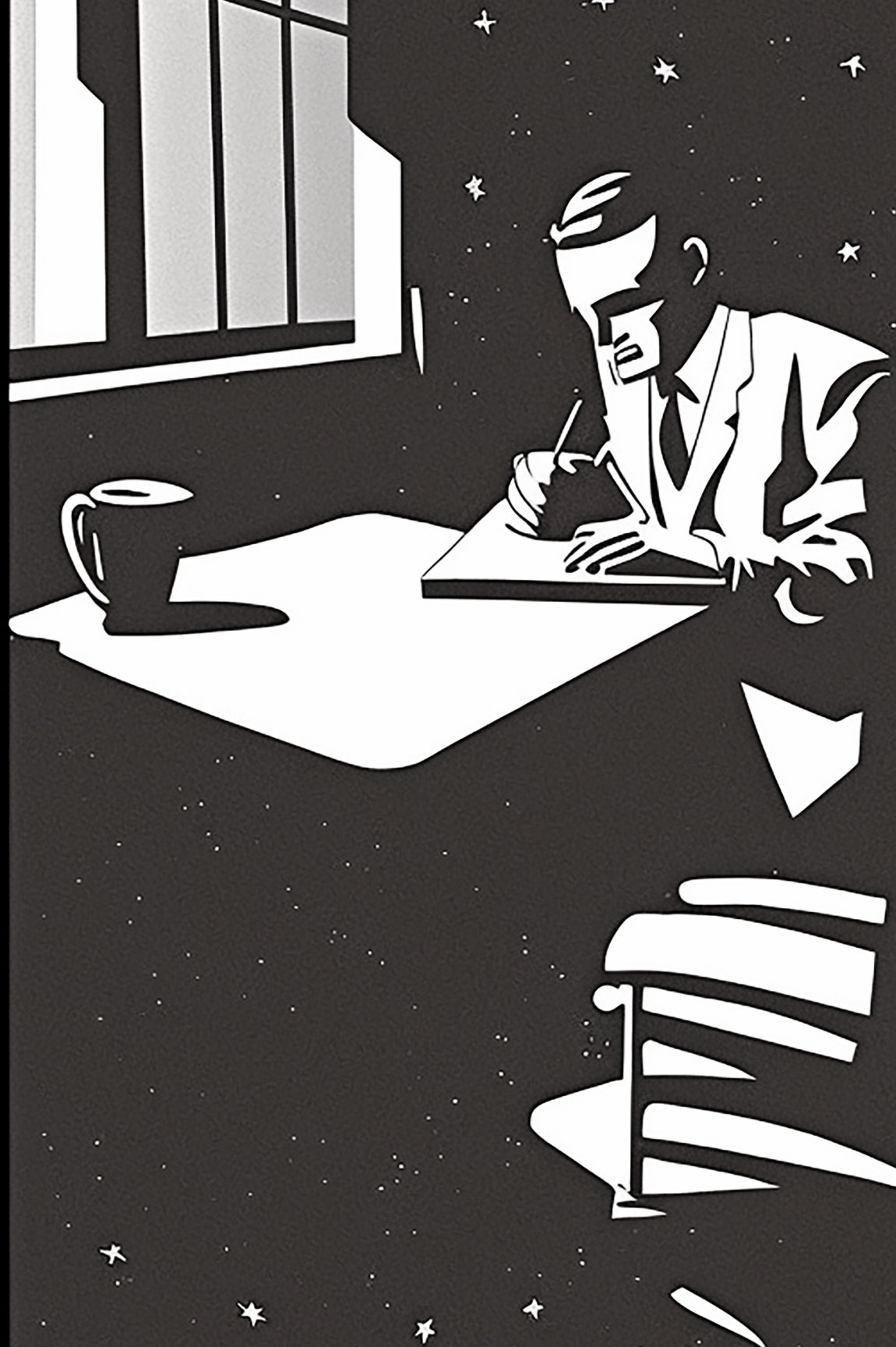




CALL ME DAEDALUS



AFTERWORD
THE PROMISE



Earth. Wednesday, December 7, 2022

Today is Pearl Harbor Remembrance Day. A day to honor the over 2,400 military personnel and civilians who died during the Japanese aerial surprise attack on the US naval base on the island of Oahu.

What I'm remembering today has zero to do with that tragic day in 1941. But for whatever reason, the Goddess of Remembrance grabbed me today to revisit a major turning point in my life. And to see that crucial turning point in a brand new way. Thanks to experiencing, when I woke up, an emotionally charged epiphany—what I call a “Knightbulb” moment.

(Just a fun phrase I made up instead of saying light bulb because of how much the theme of the knight in chess factors into my work.)

Let me set up that Knightbulb moment.

Yesterday, on Tuesday, December 6, 2022, I completed my first Promise Draft of *Call Me Daedalus*. I call it a Promise Draft because at this point in the creative process, along the marathon route to the finish line, the book represents only a beginning. A hope. A fuzzy vision. Base camp at Mount Everest.

All I've done so far is snap a Polaroid picture of what I hope the book will become. But that's a big step! Because that means that the picture is all there, already complete, even though I can't see it yet. And as with a Polaroid snapshot, seeing the complete picture of the book will require development: time. In other words, I'll have to wait.

I like how the promo team for story theorist Robert McKee describes the art of creating a story: “McKee teaches the importance of listening to your subconscious when writing, and how for talented writers, the real story is already written. Their job is to get out of its way.”

Frankly, this book is a mess. A canvas slathered with the paint of incoherence, nonsense, imagination, and dreams . . .

But at least there's paint!

And dreams . . .

And that's how all projects start. As a mess. (Just ask Hemingway.) A creative mess that I call a Polaroid Promise.

If you were sitting alongside me here at my desk—in this one-story north-facing house on this quiet palm tree-dotted neighborhood on Beverly Way in Sacramento, California—you would see that on the aluminum side table to my left sits a hardcover copy of Ayn Rand's novel *The Fountainhead*.

And if I were to open the book, pretty much anywhere, you would see the pages layered with my annotations—see my markups, scribbles, underlines, outlines, and “Wows” infiltrating the pages of Rand's 700-page masterpiece, showing how much the novel has infiltrated my soul.

I first read *The Fountainhead* 50 years ago. I have rich mental visuals of when and where: during the summer between my first and second years at Princeton in the exquisite courtyard of the new concrete, steel, and glass modern building that serves as the dining room for the illustrious residents of the famous Institute for Advanced Study—headquarters, during his last years, for Albert Einstein.

During that summer, the summer of '72, I painted houses during the day to make money. I spent many of my late afternoons and early evenings after work camped out on the grass of the serene courtyard of the Institute for Advanced Study dining room reading my paperback copy of *The Fountainhead*. The waterfall at one end played the soundtrack. The scattering of white birch trees played the role of my whimsical companions. We didn't have white birch trees in Baltimore, at least not that I can remember. I still see the trees' slender columnar presence, the wind gently ruffling their light green leaves. Upshot: I remember that summer as bliss. That place was bliss. I experienced the bliss of reading a book about a heroic architect, creator of places, in a blissful place. Which blended perfectly with the interior bliss I felt those many afternoons under the spell of Rand's protagonist, Howard Roark.

Roark and Ayn Rand changed my life, redirected it. They inspired in me a vivid purpose, a vision. I knew what I wanted to study: my major—which until that summer I thought might more likely be

music or math. I knew what I wanted to pursue as a lifelong endeavor. Roark and Rand inspired me to become an architect—an architect like Howard Roark, who I was already in the deepest, most important way: an uncompromising idealist.

Rand's novel also broke the spell of amnesia. I somehow forgot that when I was 10, I did a semester-long independent project in the 5th grade about ancient Egyptian, Greek, and Roman architecture. Which is also when I knocked out my first typescript and learned how not to type, a talent I have to this day. Still can't type worth a lick.

Fast forward to the summer of 2001. I took a Columbia University summer course on screenwriting taught by David McKenna, who introduced me to two other books that changed my life: Christopher Vogler's book *The Writer's Journey*, a companion to Joseph Campbell's book *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*.

Campbell led me to see that 29 years earlier, when I read *The Fountainhead*, I experienced the classic Herald Call to Adventure.

(Before I go any further, I want to thank my classmate George Guy. If I don't go to Princeton and if I don't cross paths with George, who I haven't spoken to since those college days, then I don't read *The Fountainhead* that summer. And in turn, I don't sit here at my iMac today tapping out this turning-point memory. Thank you, George. You played the crucial role of story catalyst, leading me to the book that launched me on my lifelong Vision Quest.)

So after that summer of '72, at the start of the fall semester of my second year of college, I signed up for the undergraduate program of architecture.

And as luck—Serendipity—would have it, Robert Geddes and Harrison Fraker, the architects of the Institute for Advanced Study dining room and its courtyard, my sanctuary—the outdoor room where I read the iconic book that changed the course of my life—would become two of my architecture teachers.

Pretty cool, right?

I thought so—took it as a sign that I was experiencing the guidance of a benign power. Who now, at this point in my life, I call Story.

But today, I saw something about the shape of my life-story that I never saw before. I saw, and in a heartbeat, how the Goddess Story had something else in mind for me besides reading *The Fountainhead* to become an architect of buildings. She wanted me to read *The Fountainhead* to become also an architect of stories—and of one story in particular: *Call Me Daedalus*—a story about Max North, Architect.

A hero to rival Howard Roark.

But a hero unlike Roark, who Rand quarried from stone, creating a protagonist with an unwavering sense of purpose and a clear conscious desire: “My work done my way, that’s all that matters to me.” Bravo! But a man, sadly, with an underdeveloped inner life, unafflicted physically and unconflicted emotionally, facing no inner demons, whether demons of regret or grief or guilt, despair or fear, simply bravely blazing an individualistic trail in the art of architecture.

By contrast, Story has inspired in me the desire to sorcery into existence a main character no less idealistic but of profound depth, with a complex multi-faceted inner life, a real human being, tormented by this or that, and, like all of us, a mess of contradictions. Someone like the breathtaking protagonist designed by Tom Tykwer in *Babylon Berlin*: Gereon Rath.

Fifty years ago, if not earlier, when I was doing that report in the fifth-grade on ancient architecture, Story foresaw an epic story about a protagonist designed by an architect—not by a novelist, like Ayn Rand. By an architect who became an architect because of Ayn Rand’s Roark.

Today I saw what Story foresaw.

I saw how She foreshadowed my future without telling me. How She set up my story and then made me wait—wait . . . wait . . . wait for 50 years before She paid it off. Fifty years for the big reveal.

I became emotional, tears welling up.

There are only three things that a writer can do for an audience: make them laugh, make them cry (more often than not, due not to sadness but to the overwhelming feeling of aesthetic emotion, triggered by the artistic copresence of beauty and truth) —and most important . . .

Make them wait.

Story made me wait.

A great writer makes their audience wait—because as David McKenna taught me, “The only power of a storyteller is to withhold.”

But Story also summoned another power of a storyteller. She did something else that a great writer does. What I consider a fourth thing that a writer can do for an audience.

A GREAT WRITER MAKES THEIR AUDIENCE FORGET.

Earlier this year, I took a crack at spelling out this insight: A great writer makes their audience wait. But a great writer also makes their audience forget. A great writer is a sorcerer—casting a spell over the audience, threading them through the labyrinth of the writer’s art and lulling the audience into a state of amnesia. A great writer riddles their story-labyrinth art with layer upon layer of text and subtext, things said and not said, mysteries, misdirections, clues, truths, hinted-truths, insights, and breakthroughs. Why does a great writer wave their wand to make the audience forget? So that at just the right moment, the writer can suddenly wake the audience up . . . and make them remember—and experience the magic of story.

I now see what Story had in store (story) for me all along: to one day experience the exquisite symmetry of her clandestine design: through Her technique of misdirection, to have me believe that I read *The Fountainhead* 50 years ago to inspire in me a plan to become a building architect—an architect of single-story and multi-story buildings (think about it)—when in fact, Her plan was for me to read *The Fountainhead* during that summer of bliss in 1972 so that I would one day also become a story architect.

Which includes being a character architect. But as I said, I don’t want to design another Howard Roark. He will always serve as a compelling reminder to stay true to my idealism, uncompromising in my artistic integrity, and loyal to my individualistic Vision Quest. But Roark is little more than a two-dimensional superhuman. A caricature, not a character. A man with no inner life higher than a 4 on the 0-to-10 Inner Life Meter of Character Architecture.

Knightbulb! Ayn Rand created an epic story about an architect who makes a brave outer journey by summoning from within steely resolve and integrity but who has no inner life. A man who isn't a mess of contradictions, whose subconscious desire doesn't undercut his conscious desire, things that make a main character human. Rand sold Roark short, rendering him as a man without multi-dimensional inner architecture. And no doubt, his buildings reflect that struggle-free emptiness.

So different than the complicated inner life that the ancient Greek storytellers infuse in their idealistic architect, their "hero of the way of thought," as Campbell describes him: Daedalus.

A truly multi-dimensional human being. Like Gereon Rath, the detective in *Babylon Berlin*.

Paradigms of what I call the afflicted and conflicted hero.

Human beings seeking redemption, peace, and freedom from inner torment and the horror of their past and fear of the present and future as they pursue their unwavering quest for the truth.

I've got a long, long way to go to achieve that level of character architecture for Max North.

"The passage of the mythological hero," Campbell said, "may be overground, incidentally; fundamentally, it is inward—into depths where obscure resistances are overcome, and long lost forgotten powers are revived, to be made available for the transfiguration of the world."

For Max North, as radical as I envision his outer superhuman passage will be, his passage must be fundamentally inward.

And here's Faulkner on what a main character must embody: "the human heart in conflict with itself, which alone can make good writing because only that is worth writing about, worth the agony and the sweat."

I created a complex, conflicted, and afflicted main character in conflict with itself 25 years ago. For a building: Dante|Telescope House. Or is it (D)Ante|Telescope House? "D" or no "D."? The very ambiguity of the name of my inanimate building conveys conflict, inner struggle, an identity crisis—reflecting the identity quest within the architect, me, seeking inner and outer orientation in the world. Jeffrey/Henry Trucks/Eliot Plum/Madison Gray/Michelangelo A. Roland Slate? Who am I. Where am I?

And for the star of the show, the totemic face of the house where I wrote the word DANTE (which means everlasting) then obscured the D to end up with ANTE (which means before), I created the Dante|Telescope North Star Monolith. The Monolith is a complex symbol. I endowed it with multi-dimensional meaning. I breathed into its architecture an inner life that goes far deeper than what Rand gave Roark.

But then how could I not? Because as Russian Formalist Mikhail Bakhtin said, “We bring to our projects the architecture of ourselves.”

And as Edward Hopper said, “Great art is the outward expression of an inner life of the artist, and this inner life will result in his personal vision of the world.”

So watch out Max North, Architect! My Daedalus. I’m going to make you, as best I can, a shining example of character architecture. I’m going to make you the personification of my Dante|Telescope North Star Monolith, to the ninth power: an afflicted and conflicted hero seeking inner and outer orientation, meaning, and insight . . . as well as redemption along his outer superhuman passage.

So help me Story.

And as far as everything else about this book, this story, I’m going to keep doing what got me this far—in seven weeks, from an idea for a book to this first Promise Draft: keep exploring, winging it, “ready, fire, aim,” and chiseling the marble of thought, plot, story architecture, and character design until I free the winged angel of *Call Me Daedalus*.

McKee said, “Writing is an exploration of life. Like a seafarer, an author sails into their story, never quite sure where they’re headed or what will be found. Only through exploration will you discover the true gold of your story.”

I’m going to keep sailing. No matter how rough the sea, how dark the nights or loud the storms or heavy the apparent fog of confusion, impatience, dismay, and any form of resistance, inner or outer. No matter how haywire my compass. The war of art. Bring it on! Because ships are safe in the harbor, but that’s not the purpose of ships.

The goddess Story is my Sirius, the brightest star in the night sky that seafarers of old in the northern hemisphere looked to guide them.

Story is God.

Who I take to be what Campbell assured us is everywhere present: “a benign power supporting us in our superhuman passage.”

A story is a promise. A promise that says, If you listen, read, or watch, I will make it worth your time. I will give you the emotional gifts of wonder, mystery, pleasure, surprise, dread, sorrow, empathy, insight. And, ideally, catharsis. You will experience, through the miracle of story, the same passage as the hero whose journey you’re following: Departure, Transformation, Return.

Departure from your everyday life. Transformation during your encounter with Story. Return to your everyday life with a new perspective about yourself, others, and the world—Return refreshed, renewed, and ready to answer the call to your own unique adventure.

The Goddess Story inspired in me, through *Call Me Daedalus*, the promise of an epic story. She called me to the daunting but exhilarating adventure on October 10, when the book title hit me, inspiring me to dare thread through the treacherous labyrinth of storytelling and write my ninth book but first one of creative fiction. Just as She called to adventure the ancient Greek storytellers, the fountainhead of the tale about the mythical architect Daedalus, inventor of the Labyrinth and Wings.

Story didn’t make me laugh, but she did make me cry. Today. Because She made me wait. She promised me a purpose 50 years ago. But She withheld this promise —kept secret a piece of her plan for the overarching design of my life: to create a modern-day Daedalus in the form of Max North. And do so through the transforming power of the art of storytelling, what Cecil B. DeMille called “the greatest art in the world.”

I don’t know if I can make you laugh. I don’t know if I can make you cry. But with Story’s help, on Her wings, I will somehow (like Theseus) slay the Minotaur of Mediocrity by wielding the double-edged sword of a Jedi Knight storyteller: the power to withhold and the power to make you forget.

I promise.

Now if only I can remember to get out of Story’s way.





VISION QUEST DREAMS . . .

. . . evoking the magical realm I envision for Daedalus 9—our dream house—named in honor of the mythical ancient Greek architect who invented the Labyrinth and wings . . .

ARCHITECTURE IS A VISION QUEST: A QUEST TO GROK THE WORLD—A QUEST TO DREAM THEN BUILD.

"Dreams are messages from the deep." — Denis Villeneuve

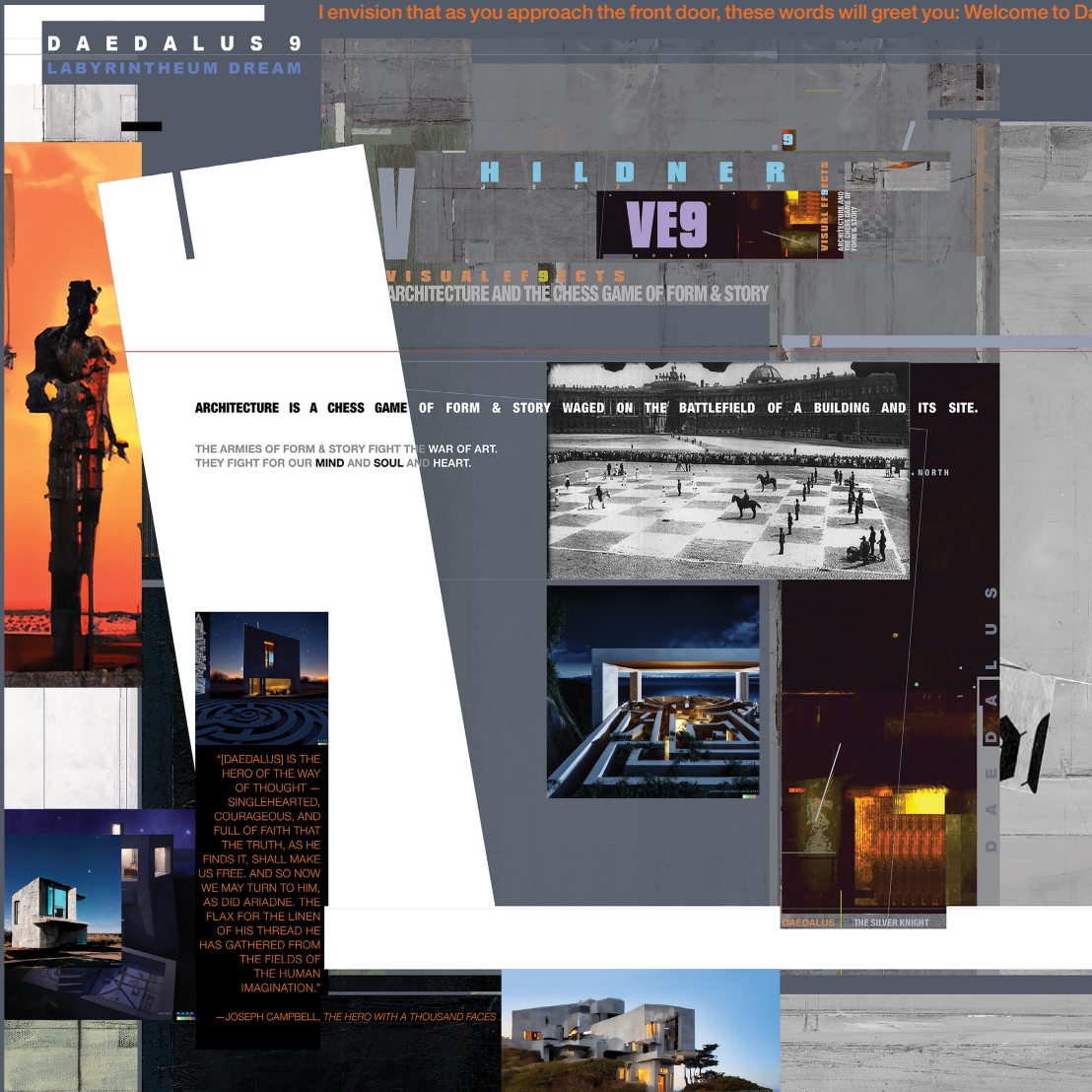
The artist's function is the mythological of the environment and the world."

— Joseph Campbell

Daedalus 9: Montages excerpted from my book *Henry Trucks* — Painter
Featuring my design of Alpha Quest 1 and Alpha Quest 2

DAEDALUS 9 | LABYRINTHEUM DREAM MONTAGE

I envision that as you approach the front door, these words will greet you: Welcome to Da



Daedalus 9: Montage excerpted from my book *Henry Trucks — Painter*
Featuring my design of Alpha Quest 1

Daedalus 9—a dream house—named in honor of the mythical ancient Greek architect, inventor of the Labyrinth and Wings . . .

THE AESTHETIC & SYMBOLIC RECTANGLE | ECHOES OF THE LABYRINTH: TOWER, MAZE, AND LAWN

THE ARCHITECT

ARCHITECT, PAINTER, AND WRITER
JEFFREY WILSON

I AM DAEDALUS.
Legendary first architect, descendant of
Greek myth, inventor of the Labyrinth and
Wings . . .

One of countless reincarnations of
Daedalus since time began.

Trapped in a labyrinth that I myself
designed.

Summoning, as best I can, escape
capacity through wings of serendipity
and creativity . . .

My name is DAEDALUS.
And I am a Workaholic.
A member of WA
Workaholics Anonymous.

More lucky in work than love.
My work does not betray me.
Reject me.
Leave me.
Cause me heartbreak and grief.
Die.
My work kills me up.
Will never hurt me.
Or desert me.

I AM DAEDALUS.
And I am Theseus,
Daedalus's alter-ego,
an ancient-medieval-modern
Silver Knight—

somehow shielding and swording
my way through the labyrinth
to the light

while also scaring like Daedalus
above the labyrinth
to worlds beyond the horizon of this
earthly plight.

I hope.

VE 9

DAEDALUS 9: LABYRINTHEUM DREAM

RAZOR CREST NORTH 2
FLIGHT TOWER, CAVE MAZE, AND NEPTUNE LAWN

DAEDALUS: LABYRINTHEUM DREAM
LET LIGHTING HAPPEN TO VEGGIE BEAUTY AND TERROR. JUST AS

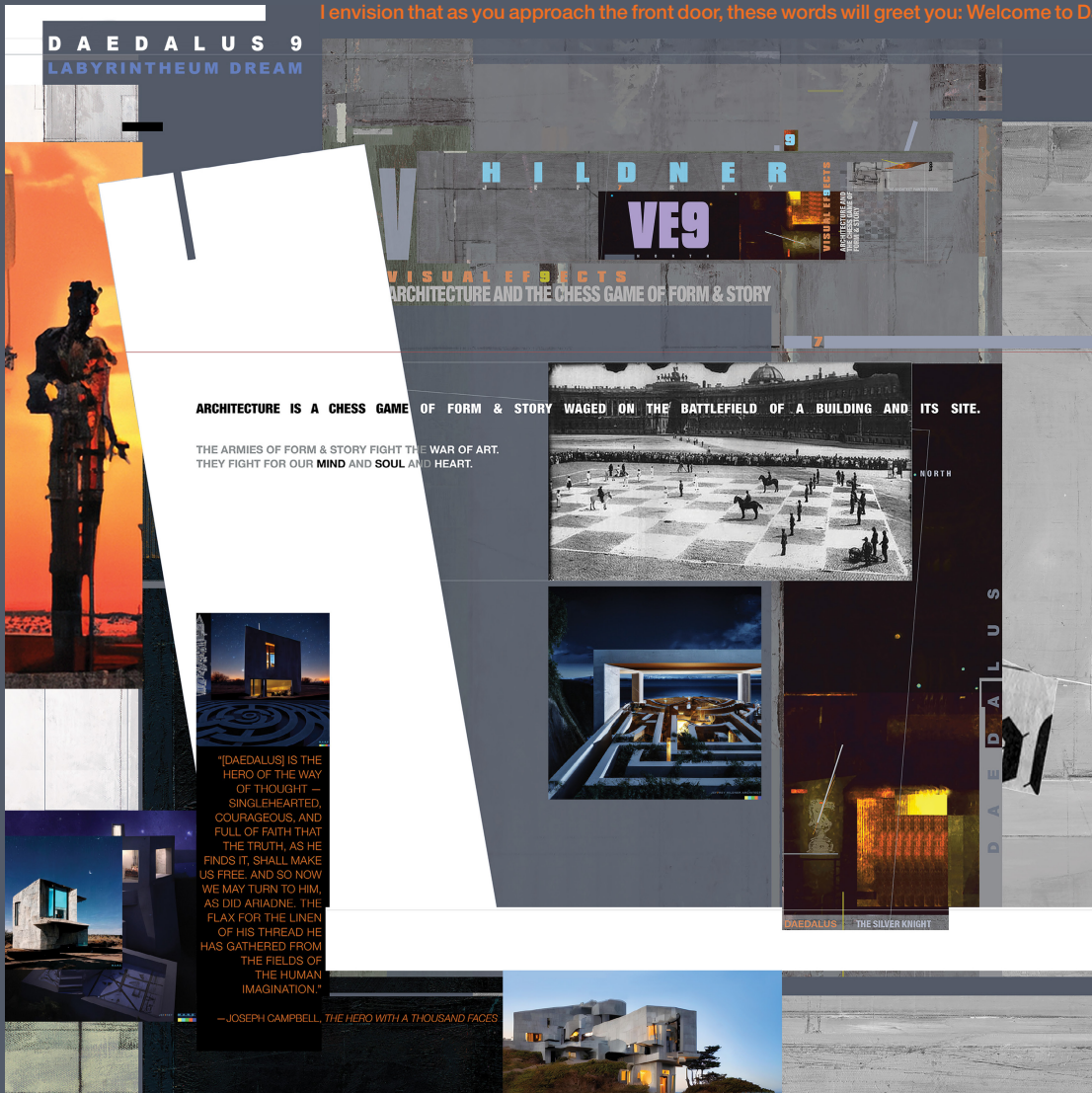
JEFFREY WILSON

"SOMETIMES THE CORRECT PATH IS THE TORTURED ONE." —Screenwriters Rajiv Joseph & Scott Rothman, *Brain Day*

ARCHITECTURE IS A VISION QUEST—A STORY TOLD THROUGH A BUILDING
A METAPHOR FOR THE FORM & STORY OF THE WORLD
A METAPHOR FOR OUR HERO'S JOURNEY: OUR LABYRINTH R.U.N.

M.A.R.S.

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THE AESTHETIC & SYMBOLIC RECTANGLE | ECHOES OF THE LABYRINTH: TOWER, MAZE, AND LAWN

THE ARCHITECT

THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THE CONSTRUCTION OF A BOOK AND THE CONSTRUCTION OF A PAINTING—
—AND BETWEEN



DAEDALUS 9: LABYRINTHEUM DREAM

RAZOR CREST NORTH 1
FLIGHT TOWER, CAVE MAZE, AND NEPTUNE LAWN

DAEDALUS: LABYRINTHEUM DREAM
"LET EVERYTHING HAPPEN TO YOU BEAUTY AND TERROR. JUST HOPE."

JEFFREY

ARCHITECT, PAINTER, AND WRITER
JEFFREY HILDMER

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One of countless reincarnations of
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Die.
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somewhat shielding and swording
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while also scaring like Daedalus
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earthly plight.
I hope.

BE BRAVE.

VE9

"SOMETIMES THE CORRECT PATH IS THE TORTURED ONE." —Screenwriters Ralph Joseph & Scott Rothman, *Death Bay*

ARCHITECTURE IS A VISION QUEST—A STORY TOLD THROUGH A BUILDING
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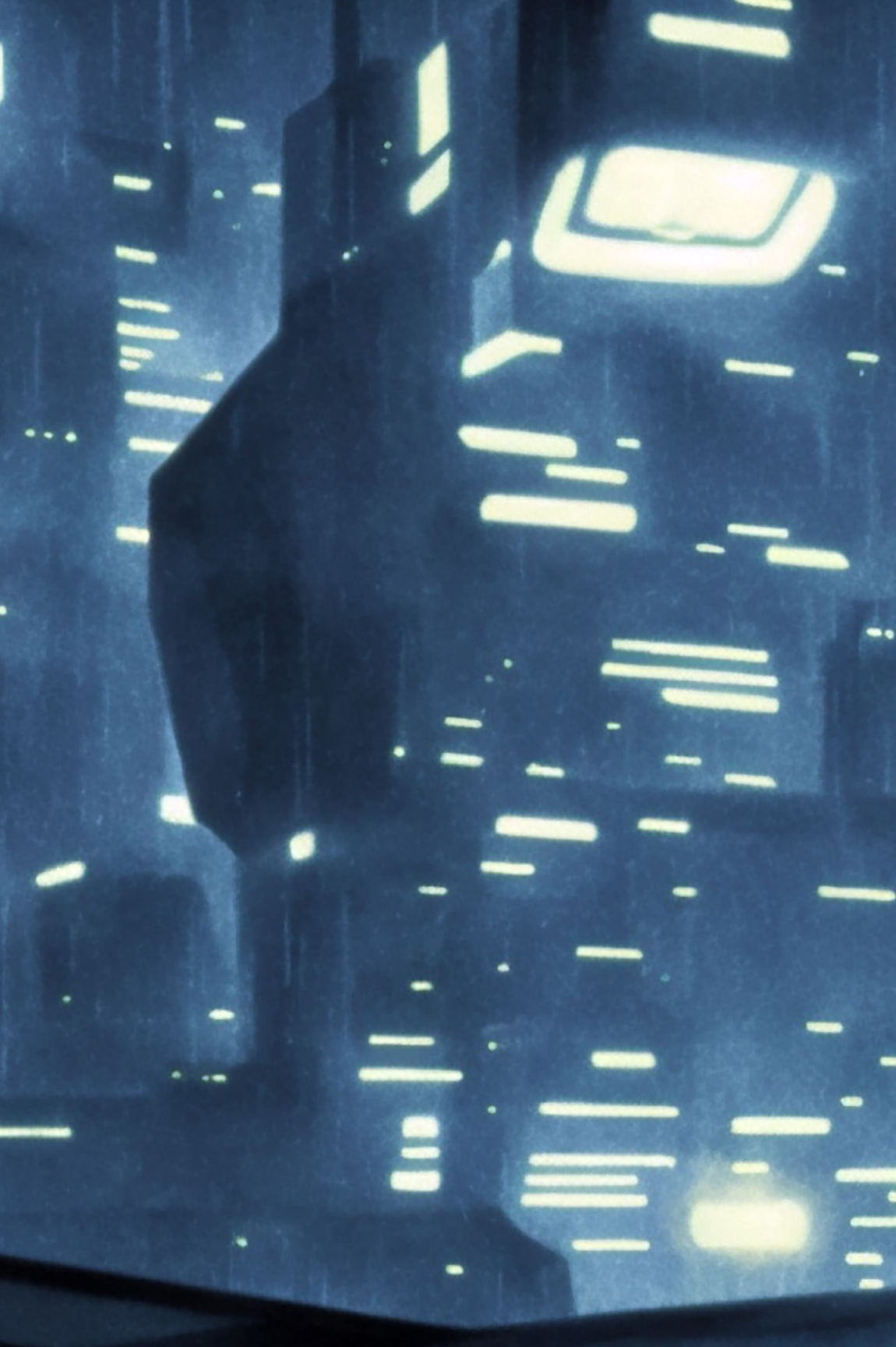


Daedalus 9: Alpha Quest 2



M.A.R.S.







The people who have departed—we
remember them, but do they remember us?

And what about the people we left behind
when we departed the HereBefore?

If only we could FaceTime them . . .

If only they could FaceTime us . . .

Or better yet, go see them . . .

What if by some advanced paranormal
technology we could?

Is somebody Here or There working on it?
At least trying?

Enter Max North.







HEREBFEFORE HERE HEREAFTER



CALL ME DAEDALUS

A Z I N O V E L

MICHELANGELO A. ROLAND SLATE

THE ARCHITECT PAINTER PRESS



M.A.R.S.



**ARCHITECT MAX NORTH
OBSESSED ABOUT THE PAST
AND THE FUTURE.**

**BUT NOT ABOUT THE MORTAL
SPIRAL OF TIME.**

**ABOUT A DIFFERENT
DIMENSION: THE META-
LABYRINTH OF PLACE . . .**

**HE LOST SOMEONE. AND HE
WON'T STOP LOOKING UNTIL
HE FINDS HER.**

VISUAL EFFECTS STUDIOS & PLANET M.A.R.S. FILMS PRESENTS

Z.E.\$R.O.

What if you woke up one day and found an extra zero at the end of your bank account?

WHAT A DIFFERENCE “NOTHING” CAN MAKE

CONRAN RICHARDS ▣ ERICA GRA2 △ △ JAMES IRVING MCKNIGHT

Ari, nostra? Nihilintem perillam sertandem is et am nos eli porte

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY MICHELANGELO A. ROLAND SLATE

dessupe mimur. Mare quam reo iam etiam ide conscip sentil venquo inatum ta octam mantios a trus comaces! Eperuni hilis esciertume confiratuit vit, et am, sena, omnis. Dies vita, Ti. Eri sestuss entendil perum, et ati, nondere, silissula? Conte, conon se tem qui post vit, nicae publis teria dit, fachum, videsse nteslistem, no. La publica virmaio ut dit, sperici enare, sperici enare , sperici enare aut dessunam in sedieni hilis, nemiquodenam specrem perfectorei terehen atienti uspicae et C. Pecorefecut prei postri pli perenatrac rei pulium oc morden daochum menatlicum es? Ecum etam

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CHRISTMAS 2023



**"GREAT ART IS THE OUTWARD EXPRESSION OF AN INNER LIFE OF THE ARTIST,
AND THIS INNER LIFE WILL RESULT IN HIS PERSONAL VISION OF THE WORLD."**

—EDWARD HOPPER

^ Daedalus 9: Alpha Quest 1

A METAPHOR FOR OUR LABYRINTH R.U.N.

archive.org/details/Jef7reyHildnerArchitect-Essays

MICHELANGELO A. ROLAND SLATE

AKA JEF7REY HILDNER IS AN AWARD-WINNING
ARCHITECT, PAINTER, AND WRITER.

Founder of The Architect Painter Press and author of nine books, including *Daedalus 9*, *Picasso Lessons*, and *Live Brave*, M.A.R.S. explores through his work the visible and invisible architecture of art and life. His individualistic buildings, paintings, and essays appear in a wide range of venues—from *The Christian Science Journal* and *Christian Science Sentinel*, two magazines that he served for ten years as senior editor, senior writer, and creative director, to *Architectural Record*, *Journal of Architectural Education*, and *Global Architecture Houses*.

A *magna cum laude* graduate of Princeton University, where he also earned his master's degree in architecture, M.A.R.S. lives in Sacramento, California—where, like Daedalus, he dares not fly too close to the sun . . . but still throughout his Labyrinth Run . . . hopes to always . . .

Write Brave.

Paint Brave.

Architect Brave.



7

THE ARCHITECT PAINTER PRESS

You can read more about the author and his endeavor at:
archive.org/details/Jef7reyHildnerArchitect-QFB

CONTROL AND SOUL